SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY MAY 20, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 44.

NO MORE.

In life, no more!—the leaves fell fast,
And all the heaven was overcast;
We looked into each other's eyes—
We kissed one kiss between our sighs—
It was the first kiss and the last.

In vain we wait with souls aghast—
No more across the silence vast
Come protests faint, come faint replies—
In life, no more!

No more in dalliance or in haste,
In April airs, or autumn blast,
We meet—and every heartache dies;
We kiss and all division dies;
No more!—the moment came, and passed—
In life, no more!

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had passed its zenith, and its slanting rays glanced cheerily over the windows and portion of a large, handsome-looking building standing in its own grounds and situated in one of the healthiest suburbs of London.

The structure was so commodious and well built, the grounds so spacious and admirably kept that a passer-by might have concluded that it was the mansion of one of the "great city" merchants, whose wealth demanded splendor and luxury, while his daily engagements compelled a residence near the scene of his labors and his posterity. But a second glance, a more accurate observation, would have undeceived the beholder.

The unmistakeable formality of the mansion, the nameless air of business-like, methodical arrangement that pervaded the whole domain, told of some purpose besides the mere luxury and enjoyment of wealth, and a glance at the stone letters graven on the walls would explain the blessed object of the noble mansion, even if the usual number of little ones scattered over the grounds at that hour of recreation had not told the tale.

It was an asylum for those whom the Almighty had declared to be under His own especial care and blessing—the fatherless and the orphan.

Yes, there was a quiet, peaceful, orderly look, singularly appropriate to the charitable and noble object of its founders. It seemed indeed a haven, a refuge for the poor desolate waifs on life's shores, to whom the world seemed as a place where they had no rightful home.

And here the afflicted ones, on whom misfortune had so early set its hand, were gathered as under the foster care of kind and loving friends, sheltered during their helpless years of infancy and childhood, and fitted for the stern battle of life which for them had begun so soon and so sadly.

Blessed, noble, and Christian-like as these foundations are, still there are many who are forced to take refuge in their kindly shelter, to whom early and indistinct, yet still unforgotten, associations, make such a home cheerless and uncongenial. Cherished and delicately-nurtured children, of well-born and refined, but unfortunate and it may be imprudent parents, left destitute and all but friendless in the wide world, are many a time to be found mingling with the orphans of those whose earliest recollections and habits make the necessary restraints and arrangements of a charitable institution less strange and painful, than to the more petted children of refined parentage. Even in the disguising costume of the uniform worn by the little ones gathered under the sheltering wing of the institution, it was not difficult for the eye of a discerning observer to trace the difference of birth and blood in some of this numerous orphan family. The refined features, the delicate limbs, the finely grained skin, the unconscious expression of hereditary intellect and of culture which the young face, the very gestures and voice and ways betrayed, would tell the tale of descent from the station to which they were born, and of adversity and sorrow suffered almost ere they were conscious of their misfortune.

And it was curious to notice how the few little orphans who were thus exceptionably circumstanced seemed to draw to each other, while the remainder of the children kept involuntarily, and perhaps jealously, aloof.

The studies for the day were over, and the numerous children of that large household were dispersed about the extensive grounds, in the various sports and occupations that suited their tastes and habits. But one small group lingered in the warm sunshine that still played on the broad granite steps which led from the front door to the wide gravel walk before the house, forming a pretty tableau.

It was a lovely trio, that childish, almost infantile group, such as would have at once caught the eye of a painter, and engaged his pencil for many a varied picture. In the foreground, crouching on the step, with a favorite kitten in her lap, was a slight fairy form, with coral lips, and large, blue eyes, set in a frame of short clustering curls.

She was perhaps seven or eight years old, but looked younger, from the infantile, cherub character of her beauty, and the diminutive proportions of her figure.

Lillian Graham was the pet of the household, and gracefully wilful in her childish tyranny over those who thus spoiled the "angel-looking" child.

And now her rosy cheek rested on her tiny white palm, as though she wearied of the picture-book that lay at her feet, while her other hand was eagerly stretched out to caress a doll, which was in the arms of a child, seated a few paces from her.

It was a face of wondrous beauty which the little owner of that coveted doll possessed—one that would have riveted the gaze of all who chanced to see her.

She was, perhaps, a few months older than Lillian; but the brilliant black eyes, the peculiar curve of the dimpled mouth, the long dark ringlets, gave the oval face a maturer and piquante loveliness.

The cast of Claudia Sabine's countenance bespoke her foreign parentage, and told of the warm, passionate Italian blood that flowed in her veins.

There was fascinating grace in every movement, even in the easy indolence of her position as she carelessly bent over her mock baby, and laughingly baffled Lillian's attempts to take it from her grasp.

It was scarcely a merry, childish laugh with which she tantalised the eager child's outstretched hand, but rather an assertion of superior power and will, not natural at that age, not womanly or sweet even in maturer years.

Above them—that is, a step or two higher in the broad flight—a girl half sat, half knelt, intently reading a book, which rested on the step above her.

Her age could not have been accurately guessed from her countenance, which contrasted strongly with that of her companion.

At a first casual glance you would have thought her much older, as well as decidedly plainer than the other little ones. And yet she was but one year older than her sister Lillian, and counted even fewer months than the beautiful little Claudia.

Barbara Graham was indeed what to many eyes would appear a plain, unattractive, if not absolutely ugly child. And yet to an artist, or a curious physiognomist, her face possessed an interest far superior to the loveliness of the children we have now described.

A pair of large, dark expressive grey eyes, usually veiled under the long dark eyelashes that rested on the pale sallow cheek, a somewhat large but finely cut mouth, with teeth that were of rare whiteness and regularity; a straight nose, slightly inclining to the order furthest from aquiline, strongly marked eyebrows, of a tint rather lighter than the hair and eyelashes, which were of a deep chestnut brown; such were the characteristics of that child-face, which, while possessing little attraction in themselves, were rendered even less agreeable, by the sickly pallor that pervaded neck, face, and hands, and the mass of rippling, wavy hair, drawn tightly over the temples.

Moreover, the sad, almost gloomy expression of the young face, and the premature thought and half-defiant firmness which the compressed lips and downcast eyes bespoke added yet more to the unnatural, repelling character of the face when in repose.

And it was rare indeed for Barbara Graham to be seen by strangers in any other than the cold calm, reserved mood which was the normal condition of her melancholy childhood.

As she sat on the step immediately above the other little ones, her splendid eyes were bent on her book, and her disengaged hand was resting on Lillian's shoulder, as if in tacit protection of the little creature from the possible chance of harm from her gay heedlessness.

Barbara was ever as a protecting, elder sister, to the twin orphan, who, even to herself, appeared so much younger in character and vivacity and happy childlike thoughtlessness.

Barbara was too absorbed in her book to heed the childish prattle of companions, but she was still ever alive to the slightest want or danger or wish of Lillian, in her most pre-occupied moments.

"Claudy," said the little creature, "do you know I think that doll is very like you? She has black eyes and hair like you, and pretty red lips."

"I don't want to be like a doll, Lily," said the infant beauty, tossing her little head scornfully, "and I don't think I am. I shall be beautiful enough to marry a lord when I am old enough, and I mean to do so some day."

"Oh, Claudy," said Lily, with a pretty, ringing, childish laugh, "would you like to be a great lady, and have a carriage, like the ladies that come here every week to see us?"

"I would be a great deal better than they are," said the child, scornfully, "and I would go to court, and have beautiful dresses and jewels, like the ladies in the book that Mary lent me; and you should come and live with me then, Lily. But you will be married as well, I daresay, some day."

"And Barbara, too," said the child, resting her pretty golden-haired head on her sister's knee with a sudden movement, that threw back the curls, and displayed the snowy skin and lovely round features of the sweet face to full perfection.

"Oh, yes," said Claudia, hesitatingly; "Barbara shall come and see me, too only—only——"

Barbara's attention had been attracted to the dialogue by the quick movement of her sister, and as Claudia spoke, a sharp, quick look of pain and bitterness came over her face for a moment; then it passed, and left it calm and cold as before.

"Only I am ugly, and you two are pretty," she said bitterly. "I understand what Claudy means; she would not want me in her grand house."

"Oh, Barbara," said Lily, starting up, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "you know Claudy did not mean that; and you are not ugly—you are my own darling sister, and more clever than any girl in the house.

"Mrs. Fenton said you were when she was talking to Miss Laing the other day, and did not know I was there."

"Oh, Lily, you should not listen if people don't know you hear what they say," said Barbara, returning her sister's caress with a sort of protecting fondness.

"Why not?" said Claudia. "If they won't tell us things we want to know, there's no harm in listening. Only you're always so cross, Barbara."

Barbara's eyes flashed for a minute, but then the glitter passed away, and she returned to her book, while the children resumed their prattle.

"Don't you know, Lily, my papa was as good as any that come here, and mamma was such a pretty lady, nurse told me papa was a great gentleman; and I mean to be a lady some day, though I am in this nasty place."

"And my mamma was a lady, too, Claudy," said Lily, "and wore pretty dresses, like Mrs. Hamilton, only she was a great deal prettier, but still Barbara says we ought to be good, and humble, and very grateful to the ladies who take care of us here. But I can't be as good as she is Claudy; I want to be at home again."

Barbara's attention had again wandered from the book, and the large tears stood in her eyes; but they only staid under the eyelashes, and did not even wet the pale cheek.

"My darling; my poor little Lily," she murmured; and then she stooped over the fair head, and kissed the white forehead, "You shall be at home some day, Lily. When we are big enough to go away from here, I will work hard that we may live together, and be so happy; only we must be good, and try to learn all they teach us."

Lily's impulsive nature was touched by her sister's words, and she would have quickly forgotten all the grand visions Claudia held out, had not the more haughty, vain character of her favorite playmate interfered to harden her sweet temper.

"Then you can come and see me, Lily, when I'm a grand lady," said Claudia; "I won't have friends that work for their living come to see me then. If I did, they'd laugh at you and me too."

"And if they laughed at Barbara, I'd hate them," said the child, flashing at the bare idea, with mingled shame and resentment, which betrayed the soft weakness of her impressionable nature, and then burst into tears.

"Hush, darling, hush! you must not hate any one," said Barbara, choking back her own proud deep resentment to soothe her softer, weaker sister.

"And, Lily," she added, "there is a carriage coming; you must dry your eyes, and let us go into the house, or Mrs. Fenton won't be pleased."

The volatile nature of the little creature was, however, affected in a different way from what Barbara intended, and the motive for composure urged on her. She started up in a moment to gaze in childish admiration at the rapidly-approaching equipage, perfectly regardless of the efforts of Barbara to lead her from the spot.

"Oh, Claudy, see, only see! how beautiful!" she said, with her blue eyes sparkling through her still undried tears, and her pretty cheeks flushed to a brilliant bloom that was wonderful in its soft, glowing beauty.

"What a pretty carriage!—and look! there is a picture on the doors, and the servants have got such bright blue coats on!"

Claudia saw it all, but without giving vent to the astonishment which the more artless Lillian expressed.

The half-Italian blood that flowed in her veins was too proud for such a confession of wonderment even at the unwonted phantom of the equipage that dashed rapidly up to the steps on which they stood.

Two ladies, and a gentleman of about

thirty years of age, were in the carriage. The gentleman was tall, broad-chested, and with a face of no ordinary stamp. His brow was expansive, and almost transparent in its purity, while the calm, frigid smile that sat on his lip and looked out from his deep-set eyes, seemed to defy investigation. The ladies were somewhere about his own age—one, perhaps older; the other a year or two younger than he.

Both were fashionably dressed, and with a more than average share of beauty for their maturer years, to which they were approaching.

The younger of the two bore a strong resemblance to the gentleman, indeed so great as to warrant the inference that they were brother and sister; while the other was a more complete brunette than her companion, and with a face that almost defied the hand of Time to show the years which it had marked on her once superb beauty.

Mrs. Cowan had indeed seen at least forty summers since the one which gave her birth, and bore the relation of aunt to her companions, though she would scarcely have been supposed to be much more than thirty and Mr. Ashley seldom outraged her youthful vanities by giving her the venerable cognomen of "aunt."

Lady Joddrell (the younger of the two ladies) was somewhat less scrupulous than her brother, but even she reserved the obnoxious epithet for the few moments of spiteful jealousy that sometimes arise between the nearest relatives, in their respective positions, and generally called her aunt by her imperial name of Helena.

The quick eyes of Sidney Ashley fell on the little group of children, as they drove at somewhat slackened speed to the house.

"See, Violet," said he, "you can scarcely have a more complete realization of your whimsical fancy. What uncommonly lovely little creatures! Who could have imagined it possible?"

"Why not?" said Lady Joddrell, with a slight sneer.

"My good brother, have you not yet learned that there is as much beauty in the lower ranks as in our own? though, of course, it is so clouded, when they grow up, with the vulgarity of their training."

"It must be a singular training that could make any coarse or vulgar woman out of those refined, graceful, little creatures," said Mr. Ashley, with a slight return to his sister's sarcasm in his tone. "What say you Helena? Is not that little brunette fit for a princess of the blood?"

"Scarcely Sidney, since they are generally ugly," replied Mrs. Cowan. "But, seriously she is a beautiful child. With those eyes, and that graceful figure, one might make anything of her."

"The blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy is more to my taste," said Lady Joddrell. "She is a perfect little angel. Helena, I have decided already — that shall be the one."

"My dear Violet, do take a little time to consider," said Mrs. Cowan, coolly. "There need be no such great haste; and if you are determined to carry out your rather doubtful scheme, the least you can do is to do it as prudently as possible—eh, Sidney?"

Mr. Ashley did not reply. His eyes were fixed intently on Claudy, whose magnificent eyes were at the moment attracted by his gaze, and whose half-proud, half-coquettish flush and turn of the graceful little throat, were what might have graced a ball-room beauty at some daring mark of admiration.

Mrs. Cowen's eyes were also attracted by the child's uncommon air of nature and self-possessed consciousness of superior charms, and a smile crossed her lips, which was succeeded by a perplexed and then thoughtful regretful look.

The lady guessed one cause of the attraction which that little creature possessed for the time-hardened man of the world—a likeness strong, unmistakeable, albeit infantine in character, to one who had once touched the now hardened heart to its core. The tone was gentler and kinder as she added to her somewhat sharp speech the saving clause, "Although I will frankly confess the wonderful charm which those little cherubs possess, and almost feel inclined to commit the same folly myself, Violet."

Sidney started a little, and looked half-inquiringly in his aunt's face.

"No, no," she laughed, as she replied to the look.

"I am only jesting. I have but small faith in any but ties of blood. It is supplying Nature by Art. But here we are at last. Violet, at least be prudent for half an hour."

Lady Joddrell nodded impatiently, and the next instant the asylum bell pealed strongly under the hands of her servant, and met with a quick and very respectful response.

"Is the matron in?"—"Mrs. Fenton? Yes, sir."

"Say that Lady Joddrell and Mrs. Cowan wish to see her."

"Please to ask the ladies to alight, and I will bring Mrs. Fenton to them, immediately," was the reply.

The next moment the rustle of silks and indescribable fuss which generally accompany a woman of fashion and stylish dress, announced the progress of the ladies to the reception-room of the asylum.

The little ones had disappeared. Barbara had, half by entreaty, half by force, drawn her sister from the spot where they had stood; and Claudy, with an instinctive feeling of proud shyness, had shrunk from remaining alone near the strangers.

A few minutes elapsed ere the matron of the establishment, a middle-aged woman of pleasant appearance, dressed in black silk and cap with snowy ribbons and neat border, entered the room.

She curtsied respectfully to the stylish-looking guests, and then stood in the expectation that they had either to see some *proteges*, or to ascertain the necessary particulars for the admission into the asylum of some destitute orphan.

"You are Mrs. Fenton, I presume," said Mrs. Cowan; for the younger lady seemed at a loss how to begin.

"Pray be seated. We have a little business with you—at least, Lady Joddrell has, which I doubt not will be satisfactorily settled."

"I shall be most happy to be of any service," said the matron, doubtfully; "but I fear—that is, our house is so full that——"

"So much the better," said Lady Joddrell, eagerly, speaking for the first time; "you will be more able and willing to comply with my wishes."

Mrs. Fenton curtsied, and obeyed the sign graciously made by the elder lady for her to take a chair. Lady Joddrell remained silent for a few minutes; she scarcely appeared to know how to begin.

"I think," she said at last, "that you have some very pretty little girls in the asylum just now, Mrs. Fenton. "I saw—that is, we saw—them as we drove up."

"I daresay you mean little Lillian Graham, madam," said the matron. "I think I saw her with her sister on the steps as you drove up."

"A little brunette, was it?" asked Mr. Ashley, eagerly.

"No, sir," was the reply; "at least—that would be another of our little ones. Lillian's sister is not at all a pretty child, though a very clever and interesting girl."

"Can we see them?" asked Lady Joddrell; then seeing the perplexed, doubtful look of the matron, she added, "The truth is, Mrs. Fenton, that I am anxious to adopt one little girl, having no children of my own; and, as I should wish her to be entirely given up to me, without the interference of relatives or friends, or even knowing any one but myself as her guardian and protector. I thought I could not accomplish my wish more completely or readily than by applying to you."

Mrs. Fenton listened respectfully, but there was by no means the surprise or gratification in her face which the lady had perhaps expected.

"Of course, madam," she assented, "such a home as you would offer would be a great change for any of our little orphans, and I doubt not, a happy one; but the arrangement is a very serious one, both for the child you may select and your own responsibility for her, and——"

"Of course, of course," broke in the lady, impatiently; "I understand all that. But the matter is quite settled in my own mind. I have, as I told you, no children; Sir Charles Joddrell is away from England, on a mission that is uncertain in its length; and I am determined, with his full sanction, to adopt a little girl, who will be in all respects as my own child.

"All that rests for you to do is to select some of your prettiest and most ladylike little ones, and let me see them for my choice."

"Certainly, madam," said the matron, in a tone that still said plainly that she was far from dazzled by the rank or brilliant offers of the lady; "but, before I obey your wishes, may I just remind you that I have no power to do anything in the matter without the consent of the directors. I can only bring the children before you for your choice and approval, and then I must refer you to my superiors for any further arrangement."

"Of course, of course," said the lady, eagerly. "And now please to order them to be brought. I am wild to have the matter settled."

A peculiar expression crossed the calm face of the matron.

Perhaps she thought that a woman of thirty who was "wild" about a pet, caprice was scarcely the best guardian and guide for her little darling; for it must be confessed that Lillian Graham was as dear to the matron as a child of her own, and she pretty well guessed that the fairy like little blonde would be the most attractive of her little charges to the impetuous lady.

However, she could only comply with the rather peremptory request of her visitor, which she felt would be in most substantial respects favorable both for the child and for the interests of the asylum, in which a vacancy would thus be created; she therefore quitted the room, and hastened to the large schoolroom, where she knew the children would most probably be re-assembled at that hour. But only half-a-dozen were there, and among them were the three little ones, who had just come in.

"Lillian and Claudy, come with me to the dormitory," she said, hastily; "and you also Helen Morgan, and—Barbara."

The last name was uttered rather doubtfully.

The kind woman guessed but too well that only mortification would be in store for the little girl, but still, she could not separate her from her sister or the other little ones of her own class, and accustomed to associate with her in the daily duties.

"What do they want? What is it, ma'am?" asked Barbara, fearfully.

"Never mind, dear," she replied, "only some ladies want to see you."

Barbara's quick suspicions were roused, and she felt certain, from the matron's hurried manner and the care she took in washing and curling the little "belles" of the asylum, that some ulterior object was in the purpose of this unusual and exciting visit.

"What does all this mean?" she said, hurriedly, taking her sister's hand.

"Don't ask me dear," said the matron, as she ushered the trio and the little Helen into the reception-room.

None of the other children were there and Barbara noted the circumstance with a sinking heart, as she drew a long breath, and looked rapidly and shyly round.

Mr. Ashley was standing lounging against the mantelpiece, while the ladies were eagerly conversing on the opposite sofa. Barbara's quick eye noted at once that his look passed quickly from herself and her sister to the little Claudy, whom Mrs. Fenton was leading into the room, and that he turned with an inquiring glance to the ladies as it to detect their opinion of the respective children.

Poor Barbara! She was prematurely old, from the adverse circumstances of her lot, and the slightest phase in this alarming interview was noticed by her.

"Ah! here they are. What beauties! Are they not lovely, Helena?" said Lady Joddrell in French.

"Decidedly, my dear," replied Mrs. Cowan, with far less ecstacy; "particularly the brunette. What say you Sidney?"

The gentleman gave a careless assent; but his eyes were still furtively glancing at Claudy, though he seemed unwilling that his observation of the child should be noticed by his fair relatives.

"I don't know," mused Lady Joddrell, in the same tongue.

"I believe I admire the golden-haired one most. She is a perfect fairy. Come here, my darling and let me talk to you," she added, in English, addressing Lily; but she clasped her sister's fingers more firmly, and would not move an inch.

"Do not hold her, Barbara, dear. Come to the lady Lillian," said Mrs. Fenton very kindly.

As Barbara gently disengaged her hand, she felt as if the last gleam of hope, the last source of happiness, was torn from her, but stopping down, she whispered, "Go to the lady Lily darling. I will not leave you."

Thus encouraged, the little creature moved timidly forward and crept to the knee of the richly dressed and handsome stranger. Lady Joddrell took her small white hands tenderly, and pressed a warm kiss on her lips.

"What is your name, my sweet child?" she asked.

"Lillian, ma'am," she replied; "but sister calls me Lily."

"And who is sister—little Claudy here?"

"Oh no, it is Barbara," she replied; and her soft blue eyes turned lovingly to her gentle sister.

"Good heavens, Helena, how totally unlike!" said Lady Joddrell.

"This is one of the most beautiful children I ever saw, and that girl is absolutely all but ugly."

It was said in an undertone, but Barbara caught the words, and a glow of wounded pride and shame settled on her brow. Mrs. Cowan saw the child's flashing eye and glowing cheeks as her niece spoke, and her discriminating eyes read her more correctly than the more impulsive Violet.

"I differ with you my dear," she said "There is the germ of something more than mere physical beauty there; and I am not sure she will not eclipse your pet some day, if properly brought out. But I should certainly be sorry to undertake her."

Mrs. Fenton had beckoned Barbara to her and her motherly hand was laid on the child's head, as she observed, "Barbara is not pretty, madam; but she is good and diligent, and I have no better child in the school."

Lady Joddrell gave a careless nod in reply to the matron's soothing panegyric of the neglected Barbara, and again turned to Lily.

"My little Lily, will you come to be my daughter?" she said, taking the reluctant child on her knee.

"I will love you very much, and you shall have a large wax doll, and doll-houses, and tea-sets, and beautiful frocks, and go out riding in the carriage with me every day. And then you shall have a beautiful hat, with white, long, curling feathers. Will you come and live with me, darling, and let me be your mamma?"

Barbara's face assumed as ashen hue as she listened to those honied words. Her worst fears, vague as they had been, were more than realized.

She had scarcely thought of separation in such a complete form as this. Her fortitude, her reserve gave way; she clung with shivering limbs to the matron's dress, saying hoarsely, "Oh! don't let her—don't let her take Lily away from me. I will do anything on earth to please you; but don't give Lily up, my own darling sister."

Lady Joddrell flushed indignantly at this unexpected obstacle.

"She is only sister to the little girl you have chosen, madam," said the matron; "and the children have never been parted for one hour."

"Then you mean I ought to take them both," said the lady, scornfully. "Perhaps, had it been Claudy, I might have been tempted to adopt both; for they would look lovely dressed alike; but really——"

"I would not go—I could not," interrupted the child passionately. "Mamma loved me, but no one else; and I would not have a home I had no right to, unless some one loved me."

Mrs. Cowan and Sidney Ashley exchanged looks; they could better comprehend the child's feelings than the spoiled child of fortune. Lady Joddrell only drew the little shivering Lily more closely towards her.

"My Lily, you will come, will you not?" she said. "Kiss me, like a sweet girl. I say, you will go to my beautiful home? I will give you a cage of the prettiest canaries you ever saw."

Lily only averted her little head, and struggled to get back to her sister, who stood with her face bowed and her whole frame trembling like a reed before the rushing wind; she looked up, however, at Lily's plaintive cry of "Barbara, sister, take me; and with pale face and voice that sounded prematurely deep and hoarse in its young agony, she said, "Give her to me. If she is to go, I will try to persuade her; but don't frighten her don't force her."

Lady Joddrell hesitated, but her brother now interfered.

"Violet," said he, "you cannot decide the matter now. You must wait till you have spoken to the directors, and by that time this good little girl will have perhaps persuaded her sister to accept your offer more graciously. It is getting dark, and you know we have an engagement this evening."

Lady Joddrell rose, and with another kiss to the now compliant and relieved child, and a colder one to the little crest-fallen Claudy, she bowed to the matron and prepared to depart.

Mr. Ashley gave another quiet look at the little Italian, as he passed her; and Mrs. Cowan, to Barbara's great astonishment, actually stooped down and kissed her cold, pale cheek.

"You are a brave, good little girl," she said, "and will do very well in the world even without the doubtful gift of beauty. Keep up your spirits. Good-bye."

As they left the room they heard the low, sad voice of the little Barbara, wailing over the weeping child.

"Lily, my darling, my own precious darling!" It was a tone of such utter misery, that it haunted Helena Cowan for many an hour after.

CHAPTER II.

IT was the morning after the visit to the asylum, and Mrs. Cowan had just concluded her late breakfast, and was lounging in a luxurious easy-chair, when the door of her boudoir was gently opened, and the handsome form of Sidney Ashley then appeared.

"I am come in, Helena," said he; "I am a privileged visitor, you know, and would not take the servant's denial."

Mrs. Cowan laid down her copy of the *Morning Post*, and held out her hand languidly.

"Yes," said she, "if you will be good and quiet; but I have really a terrible head-ache and want rest instead of amusement this morning."

"Thank you for the implied compliment," said he.

"I will do my best to be stupid; but seriously, I don't wonder you are ill, for that affair last night was the noisiest and worst-ventilated one of the season. I am even more disgusted than before with the whole civilized world of fashion."

"Sidney Ashley turning cynic—that is something new!" she said, laughing. "What is in the changes of the wind now?"

The gentleman looked earnestly at her, and for a few minutes there was a sort of tacit inquiring in the countenance of each as if anxious to learn the real mood and feelings of the other.

"Helena," said Mr. Ashley, at last, "we have always been friends as well as relatives and in many respects you have been more of a sister to me than poor Violet, because you have a more vigorous intellect, and more keen and impartial discrimination into character.

"You, as well as myself, can see the folly and emptiness of the world, even while mingling in it, because we are not able or fitted to live out of it."

Mrs. Cowan was discriminating, and she guessed full well that her nephew had some real and important object in coming to her that morning; moreover, she really was more attached to him than to any of her other relations.

It was through her influence that he had been left as sole trustee to her husband's will, and, as he thought, ultimate heir to her own fortune.

"My dear Sidney," she said, "you know too well my affection for you to need a word to assure you of my real interest in all that concerns you.

"What is it that has troubled your mind so seriously? for I know you too well not to see that you have some unusual reason for coming here so early."

"You are a shrewd observer, Helena," said he, with a constrained laugh. "I confess I have an especial object in view, and what is more, one that I scarcely like to confide even to you, unless you promise not to be too unmerciful in your raillery."

"What, Sidney! caught at last?" she said with an astonished look. "In love! My dear nephew, you really do gratify me, now, for I have long wished to see you happily settled; you are getting quite old enough to become a sober married man."

"Wrong, Helena; at least partly wrong," he said, rather sadly. "You are about the only one that knows the real reason of my remaining so long a bachelor, and a partly cynical, disagreeable one, to boot."

"My dear, dear Sidney," she said, kindly "I had hoped that was very long ago forgotten, and I have never alluded to it from the very idea that it was better to bury it in oblivion."

"I know—I understand," he said, quickly; "and it is because you can know a thing without seeming to know it, and boring one to death by taking it up at all seasons, that I can trust you. But, Helena, what I have to say is not what you expect, though it certainly bears some relation to it. I am not in love—at least, not yet."

"But a budding admiration, and you wish to ask my opinion—is that it?" she asked. "Well, my best eyes and ears and judgment are at your service."

"I do want your services, Helena," he replied, "though not quite in the way you think.

"But if you will be patient, and not exactly burst out with an absolute crusher on my project, I will not torment your imaginative powers any longer."

"Agreed," said the lady; "but I am really alarmed at such formidable preparation. I can hardly fancy you guilty of any such absurdity as to render them necessary."

"That remains to be proved," he said, quickly. "Helena, you remember those children at the asylum yesterday?"

"Of course I do," she replied.

"The little brunette," he continued; "did she remind you of any one?"

The lady looked sad and sympathizing as she gazed on her nephew's compressed lips.

"I can guess whom you mean," she said. "You think her like Edith?"

"Yes; did you not see it?" he asked. "The same brilliant eyes, the same unconscious grace of movement, the same rich brunette complexion—so warm, and yet so pure and refined. I could have fancied it must be Edith in her childhood."

"I did see the likeness, though perhaps not quite so strongly as yourself," said Mrs. Cowan.

"But what of that, Sidney, save as a painful reminder of what is best forgotten for ever? I cannot understand why you should dwell on the unlucky coincidence."

"Because, Helena, if I ever marry, that child is the only one for whom I could ever feel any love. If she grows up as she promises, I could fancy my youth returned again.

"If! oh, Sidney! an obscure orphan, brought up by charity, to be the admired of Sidney Ashley. It cannot be your serious intention?"

"Certainly not, in the way you put it," he replied; "but there are many modes of accomplishing an object, if one is seriously bent on it, and certain that it is really what one wants. Will you listen to me patiently, and help me?"

"I will certainly listen patiently," said Mrs. Cowan; "and if I can see the least chance that my help would be of any real and substantial service to you, I will help you to the best of my abilities."

Sidney drew his chair near to his aunt's couch, and took her hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Widow Indeed.

BY R. P. SMITH.

MIRIAM'S parents were too unobtrusive to awaken malevolence, and too independent to apprehend oppression. She was their only child.

Possessed of intellect, they afforded her every opportunity of cultivating it, and with their virtuous example before her, she attained the years of womanhood, lovely and beloved.

Miriam married; her choice was worthy of her, and he fully appreciated the good bestowed upon him.

Their union was blest with an only daughter. Their cup of joy was filled without one dash of bitterness, and daily thanks to the Fountain of all, hallowed their happiness.

They had been married some ten years when her husband died.

Miriam anticipated the blow as little as others, but she was better prepared than most to meet it.

She had watched the bedside of her companion with that unwearied devotion which a true wife alone can display.

She had marked the gradual inroads of disease, but continued to hope on for while he breathed, it did not occur to her how nearly allied life is to death: how brief the passage from the one to the other—a single respiration and no more.

But when the last sigh was breathed she awoke to a full sense of her loneliness. He was all to her on earth and now nothing remained to the future but the recollection of departed joys.

Years passed away, for time pursues the same even course whether this world smiles or weeps.

Her spirit did not shrink from the severity of her trials, for there were duties to be performed.

Her husband had left sufficient for the support of herself and child.

The widow devoted her days to the instruction of little Mary, and she was rewarded, by seeing her as she approached womanhood surpass a fond mother's anticipations.

Mary knew nothing of the world beyond her mother's threshold. Her young imagination peopled it with such beings as her own kind mother.

In her mind all had their peaceful homes—the universe all love and harmony—the flowers, the strains, the hills unfailing fountains of delight—all joyous, and she the most happy being in a joyful world.

Happy! If you have entrusted your happiness in the hands of your fellow creature, await the rising of the morrow's sun. Call no man happy until death.

There lived in the village a young man named Mark Moreland.

He was handsome, and possessed taste for books and music, and abounding in animal spirits, he was usually the victor in all the village sports.

As he wore his laurels proudly, the young men envied him, but the aged shook their heads, and prophesied that Mark would come to no good, for he was idle.

Mary's beauty did not escape his notice, and her mother's little possessions rendered her more attractive.

It was his custom when returning from shooting or fishing, to stop at the widow's cottage, and to present her with the choicest of his spoils.

He would read to them of evenings, and the notes of his flute harmonizing with the notes of little Mary, often arrested the step of the passing villager.

To the inexperienced girl he appeared to be all he assumed; not so in the eyes of her mother.

Mary loved him with all that depth of devotion the human heart can feel but once.

The widow discovered with grief the bias of her child's affections, and used all persuasion to estrange her.

"He is idle," said she, "and such seldom obtain the respect of their fellow men. Our lives have been simple and harmless, his the reverse.

"He is not of us—a scoffer at those things we hold most sacred, and remember the ingrate to his God is never trusted by his fellow man—not even by his fellow scoffer."

Mary wept, for it was the first time she had given her mother pain; the first time she believed her to be in error, still she appreciated her motives and struggled to comply with her wishes.

It was a conflict of deep-rooted feelings—a strife between duty and love. It is unnecessary to add which proved the victor.

Aware that Miriam would never consent to their union, Mark persuaded the infatuated girl to be married privately.

It was her first act of disobedience.

When the unhappy tidings were divulged the widow wept in secret over her blighted hopes, but not a word of reproach fell from her lips to embitter the chalice her deluded child had prepared for her own lips. She received Mark in her humble dwelling and treated him as her son.

Mark's conduct underwent a thorough change, and Miriam imagined that he had seen the errors of his ways, and turned from them.

Having gained her confidence he proposed to embark in business, as he was weary of an idle life.

But he had not the means, and he applied to Miriam to assist him. Mary added her entreaties, and the widow pledged her little all to promote the welfare of her children. The result might have been foreseen. Inexplicable—reckless—self-willed—in a few years he exhausted the widow's means and deeply involved all who trusted in his visionary speculations. He became bankrupt and dissipated; the widow destitute.

The widow seeing all was lost, trusted to her own recourses.

She opened a school, that the children of the village might benefit by her moral and intellectual culture, and she maintain her independence.

Mark returning from his midnight orgies to behold the quiet simplicity of the widow's home, felt as did the rebellious angels when the sublimated atmosphere of Heaven drove them mad.

Mary had a child, a boy, some two years old. Late one night Mark returned from his companions ill-humored and intoxicated. He would fondle with the boy, but Mary, alarmed for the child's safety, opposed his wishes. He snatched the boy from her arms and fell with the infant beneath him. From that day the child, who had given promise of all that partial parents anticipate from their first born, became an idiot. Mark was now a changed and melancholy man.

Destitute of the means to relieve their necessities; too infirm of purpose to contemplate the result of his own vices, he fled from the ruin in its desolation, selfishly hoping to find a Lethe for remorse in the vortex of drinks.

Deserted by her husband, and reproaching herself for the trials her disobedience had imposed upon her mother, Mary wasted to the grave with a disease that knows no cure.

Miriam was now destitute and alone, but she knew that "he who faints in the day of adversity, his strength is small."

Her time was devoted to her little school and unwearied efforts to infuse light into the mind of her benighted offspring.

At length he could imitate the sound of a few words, but not for the purpose of imparting ideas.

She took him repeatedly to his mother's grave, and taught him to pronounce the word—mother, and kneel in the attitude of invoking a benediction.

A few years rolled on rapidly.

One evening, as the boy was paying his accustomed homage at his mother's grave—zealously repeating the overwhelming appeal of deity to deity—too often an unwinged prayer, and, doubtless, at times, a malediction self-invoked upon the head of the Pharisee, the boy, as he arose, beheld a man standing beside him.

"Whose grave is that, my child, you are kneeling on?"

"My mother sleeps here."

The stranger read the simple inscription on the head-stone—shuddered, and inquired in a tremulous voice.

"Your father—do you know your father?"

"Our father who art in heaven," began the boy, standing erect, and with uplifted hands:

"His name?"

"Hallowed be thy name."

"I mean your father."

"I have no other father."

The thunder of heaven could not so have shaken the iron nerves of that strong man, as did the simple reply of the idiot-boy; but was it not the thunder of heaven that spoke in that small voice—"I have no other father."

"Come, come," said the boy, taking him kindly by the hand—and the unnerved man suffered himself to be led away as if he were both maimed and blind.

They reached the widow's cottage as she was in the act of dismissing her little school.

They entered, Miriam was surprised at beholding a stranger thus introduced; she turned her face toward him—recognized him, and clasping her hands, sunk upon a chair exclaiming, "Mark Moreland!"

Where she sat was the place where the boy was accustomed to pray of nights.

He ran to her and knelt, saying, "Mother, I pray as Christ prayed;" a phrase she had taught him.

He commenced, and coming to the passage, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"—which the widow had taught him to pronounce with the solemnity due to its importance—she looked into the eyes of the contrite man.

Mark was forgiven as far as human infirmity can forgive.

During his absence he had acquired some property.

His habits had undergone a change, and all with whom he had dealings pronounced him an upright, benevolent, and industrious man. Yet he felt himself a vagrant on earth, without the prospect of ever becoming a denizen of heaven.

The widow received him as her son, and he employed himself to render their home the abode of peace.

True—it was lighted up with genial sunshine, but bright rays never played there. Clouds seldom intruded, except upon Mark's soul, when he contemplated the vacant stare of his child.

He had brought him into the light of life only to give him darkness.

Morning and evening he beheld the boy appealing to his God in the darkness of his intellect, and arise from his prayers happy. The thought occurred—I have intellect of which I was once proud, yet stand aloof from the path that leads to Him who gave it!

He knelt a humbled man beside his idiot son, and prayed. The boy smiled to see him pray, and patted him on the head in imitation of his grandmother's benediction, and ever after led him to their bedside, and they prayed together.

Truly, in this instance, "the child was father of the man," though not in the sense the poet intended.

The boy lived and died a blank, still he was born for good.

The widow soon followed him to the grave, having fulfilled her duty; and Mark is living to this day a gray-haired, wealthy man—and, of course, respected—by all; and yet he would give all earth to be respected by himself and God.

BALLS AND PARTIES.—In some respects the etiquette at balls and other dancing-parties is different in France from what it is here. In going to a ball a modest French girl will wear a simple dress; her demeanor will be calm, utterly devoid of airs and affectation. She will perhaps manifest timidity on entering the room and saluting her hostess. She will speak little, and will not giggle at all; she will listen attentively to the music, and will dance quietly and modestly; she will not accept, still less will she lay herself out for, attentions on the part of young men; she will not give them her fan, her memorandum-card, or her handkerchief to hold; she will partake of refreshments with great discretion. When dancing she will not look her partner full in the face. If he utter a few ball-room commonplaces, she is to reply politely but briefly, without bluntness or embarrassment. When all is over she is to thank him with a curtsey. If, by mistake, she has promised the same quadrille to two partners she is bound to do her utmost to prevent any misunderstanding between them by refraining from dancing with either of them, and perhaps even by renouncing dancing for the whole of the rest of the evening. A French young gentleman asking a lady will request not the pleasure, but the honor, of dancing with her. Dancers in France never take off their gloves, nor venture to squeeze their partner's hand, nor press their own against her side in a gallop, and especially a waltz. The moment she wishes to interrupt that dance they drop their arm instantly. If they are dancing with a single lady, their respectful reserve becomes still more marked. The dance over, they offer their arm to conduct her to her place, where bowing lowly, they thank her for the honor she has done them, and retire. A young lady must never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, even blamable, on the part of the gentleman to attempt to establish anything like familiar intercourse. At a ball it is not allowable for the same parties to dance too frequently together. At French balls it is allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our custom. In good society nobody ought to be supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. Any gentleman, therefore, present should be supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissible, partner for any lady.

FASCINATION.—In the interior of South Chili, a species of wood-snipe is often caught by the natives in the following manner: When the bird flies into one of the low bushes, which in spots of about three to six metres in diameter are found frequently in the wood-meadows there, two men on horseback go round it in the same direction, swinging their lassos over the bush. After ten or more rounds one man slips down from his horse, while the other continues, leading his companion's horse behind. Carefully then the first man creeps on to the point where the snipe is sitting, nearly motionless or stupefied with the rider's circular movements, and kills it by a quick blow of a stick.

Bric-a-Brac.

RATS.—Brown rats were unknown in England till 1730, but they now exceed native black rats in numbers. Their numbers drove the Dutch from the Isle of France. They are often tamed and have been taught to play tricks.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.—In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there were any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the women break the noses of their children, and, in others, press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks nor wreaths of flowers, but warm entrails and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

THE RABBIT.—It has been asked why rabbits have white tails, and why they run away with their tails erect in the air, so as to make themselves a better mark to sportsmen. Rabbits feed all together in flocks in the neighborhood of their burrows, and, when an enemy—human or otherwise—appears upon the scene, they make at once for their holes. But, as they closely resemble in color the ploughed land and dried leaves among which they so often sit, their retreat might easily escape the notice of their young. However, the upturned white tails, all disappearing in the direction of the burrows, seem to act as a danger signal for the inexperienced little ones, which immediately dart after their elders. Thus the distinctness of color, only noticeable when the animals are running away, though it may occasionally offer a better mark for the sportsmen, is doubtless a protection to the race. The upturned tail is to every rabbit in the community a symbol of caution, to be immediately followed by a stampede towards the burrows.

CURIOUS TITLES OF BOOKS.—The following are the titles of some books published in the seventeenth century. The Lifelessness of Life on the hitherside of Immortality, with a timely caveat against procrastination. A Pathetical Persuasion to pray for the Peace of Jerusalem. The Dippers dipt, or the Anabaptists Ducked and plunged over head and ears. A discourse of Auxiliary Beauty, or artificial hands ornenesse betwixt two ladies in point of conclence. Pious thoughts vented in Pithy Ejaculations. The Saints Honey Comb. The grand Conspiracy of the Members against the mind, of the Jews against their King. Devotion Digested. White Salt, or a Sober Correction of a mad World, Some well wishes to Goodness. The Devil of Mascon, or a true relation of what an unclean spirit did and said at Mascon in Burgundy, attested by several persons of Eminency both for Learning and Piety. The exemplary lives and memorable acts of the nine most worthy women of the world. Three Jews, Three Gentiles, Three Christians.

NAMES IN THE WEEK.—In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was decided to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant Prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a scepter in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left. Seater from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

SAMSON AND THE TEMPLE.—Some have asserted that no building sufficiently capacious to hold such a multitude of people, could be constructed so as to rest chiefly upon two pillars; but this is a mistake; for Pliny mentions two theatres of amazing dimensions, and made of wood. They were so contrived, that each of them was made to depend upon one hinge. This led Pliny to censure the madness of the people, who would venture into a place for their pleasure, where they sat on such an uncertain and unstable seat; for if that hinge had given way, the slaughter would have been dreadful. Shaw, a well known traveler, supposes the temple of Dagon to be of the same kind with the ancient sacred inclosures, surrounded in part, or altogether, with some plain or cloistered buildings. He mentions having often seen several hundreds of people amused in this manner upon the roof of the dey's palace at Algiers, which has an advanced cloister over against the gate of the palace, made in the fashion of a large pent-house, supported only by one or two contiguous pillars in the front, or else in the centre. Samson must have been in a court or area below; and upon a supposition that in the house of Dagon was a cloistered structure of this kind, the pulling down the front or centre pillars which supported it, must have occasioned the catastrophe which happened to the Philistines.

FADING INTO CHANGE.

BY J. H.

A gradual falling in the Summer light:
Bright sunsets dying in the crimson West;
Brown leaves that fall in the quiet Autumn night:
A swift decay in flowers we love the best;
A flush of Life, slow-deepening into Rest;
A wintry wind beneath a threatening sky;
Snow-flakes that fall, and gather, and then die!
Spring, with its changing winds and leafy vest;
Full summer, with its wealth of flowers that lie
Sparkling like gems upon a monarch's crest;
Then round to Autumn! So our brief years fly,
So run our days! Sometimes in sunshine drest,
And oft in cloud! So fleeteth fitfully
Each little life into the Great Eternity!

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MR. TUDGE TALKED TO THE PARTNERS.

"I SHALL see Philip Merritt, my dear," said Mr. Halley, as soon as his doctor had given him leave to go out, "and demand an explanation. I—I'm afraid it's as Tudge says; but, after all, it's only the same old story that we've had ever since the world began. But for your sake, my dear, I'll see him, and try to bring him to his senses."

"Papa dear," said May, clinging to his arm, and looking up in his face, "I could never marry a man who could treat us like this."

"But, my darling, think of your position—see what you are giving up. You know we shall have to leave this house—soon, too, now. I shall be almost a beggar, my darling."

"Well, papa, and do you think I wish to be well off while you are poor? I'm afraid you don't love me so much, after all," she said, archly.

"And why?" he said, patting her soft cheek.

"Because you are in such a hurry to get me away from you—married, and belonging to somebody else."

"Now, my darling——"

"Hear me first, papa dear," whispered May; and she colored up, and her eyes flashed as she spoke.

"Mr. Philip Merritt persevered here till he gained my consent; then he heard of our misfortunes, and left me as coolly as if I had been a cast-off glove. Do you think, papa, I could ever listen to him again? No; treat him with the contempt he deserves, and let us be thankful that we have found out his true character before it was too late."

"It was for your sake, my darling," said the old man.

"I know, dear," she said, fondly and sadly; "but let matters be as they are. I would rather stay by your side."

"He deserves an action to be brought against him," said the old man; "and I don't like giving it up, my dear; but he'll repent it yet—he'll repent it yet. Why, here he is!—that's his voice in the hall. I knew he'd come again."

"Let me go, papa," exclaimed May, turning pallid.

But it was too late: the door was thrown open, and Philip Merritt, eager and bright-eyed, hurried into the room.

"My dear Mr. Halley, so glad to see you up again. Haven't you wondered where I was? Ah, May, my love, I've been half mad at being detained. Why, what's this?"

He had possessed himself of Mr. Halley's hand, and shaken it most cordially, taking the old gentleman quite by surprise; then, turning to May with outstretched arms, he had made as though to embrace her, but stopped half-way, as she encountered him with a look that would have chilled a braver man than he.

"Will you allow me to pass, sir, if you please?" she said, coldly, all her outraged womanhood flashing from her eyes.

She was white almost to her lips; but her eyes never flinched for an instant as she swept by him, and passed from the room.

"Whatever does all this mean, Mr. Halley?" exclaimed Merritt, pitifully.

"Surely I am not to be punished for what I cannot help? Where's Longdale? He promised to meet me here this morning, and help me explain. Been to Liverpool, and only came back last night."

"Then it must have been your ghost I saw in Quarterdeck street yesterday morning," said Mr. Tudge, who had entered unperceived.

"I thought you would not be long before you turned up now, Mr. Merritt."

"If you'll allow me to tell you so, Mr. Tudge," said Merritt, pronouncing the word with an aspect of extreme disgust, "you are a most impertinent fellow."

"Then, Mr. Philip Merritt, I won't allow you to tell me so, nor any other man, sir, without my pulling his nose, sir," and the little man swelled up, and came ominously near the elaborately got-up swell.

"Do you allow such insolence as this from a clerk, Mr. Halley?" said Merritt, scornfully.

"No, sir, he don't," said Tudge; "but he allows his old friend and partner, Mr. Samuel Tudge—Halley, Edwards, Tudge, and Company—to speak up for him, when he is just recovering from his illness, and an impertinent jackanapes has forced his way in the house on the strength of some news he has heard."

"My dear Tudge, pray," exclaimed Mr. Halley—"pray be calm."

"I won't," said Tudge—"I can't afford to be. This fellow raises my bile. Do you know why he's here to-day? No, you don't. Ah, Mr. Longdale, you here too. Delighted to see you again, I'm sure. Mr. Halley is better, sir—much better, sir," exclaimed Tudge to the sleek partner of the Rutherby firm who now came smiling into the room.

"Glad of it, I'm sure," said Mr. Longdale, glancing from one to the other, smiling but uneasy.

"Where the deuce is my ruler?" muttered Tudge, picking up a piece of music from May's stand, and rolling it up.

"Ah, that's better," he said, giving the roll a flourish, and then bringing it bang down upon the table.

"Is he mad?" said Merritt, in an audible undertone to Longdale, who raised his eyebrows and shugged his shoulders.

"Not a bit of it," said Tudge, with another flourish of his make-shift ruler.

"Sane as you are, wide awake as either of you.

"So you've come to congratulate Mr. Halley—us, I ought to say—about this morning's news?"

"News, my good sir?—I don't know what you mean."

"He's drunk," said Philip Merritt, savagely.

"Am I?" said Tudge. "Well, it would be excusable if I was, when a hundred thousand pounds turns up into one's firm unexpectedly."

"Good heavens, Tudge!" cried Mr. Halley, trembling with agitation, "what does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" cried Tudge, exultingly.

"Of course they did not know, either of 'em; been to Liverpool—in London; never read shipping news, never saw the telegrams posted this morning at Lloyd's and through the City. Come here innocent as two doves. Bless you, Mr. Halley, they didn't know that the "Merry May" was telegraphed up as having passed the Lizard this morning, and is on her way up the Channel."

"Thanks——"

The poor old man said no more. He was weak yet with his long illness, and he tottered into a chair, and fainted away.

"Too much for him," said Tudge, running to his side.

"Here, you, ring that bell," he cried to Longdale.

"Mr. Tudge, I'm sure I congratulate you," said Longdale, smiling, with one hand on the bell.

Samuel was in the room in a very short space of time, just as Merritt was about to offer assistance.

"Stand back, sir, you are not wanted here; your game's up as far as this house is concerned. Hold his head up, my dear, and order some wine," he added, aside to May, who ran frightened into the room, alarmed by the very loud ringing of the bell.

"That's it; we'll give him some wine directly we've got rid of these two scoundrels."

"Sir," snarled Longdale, showing his teeth like a cat.

"May, as your father is prostrate," cried Merritt, furiously, "do you allow this man to insult us like that?"

"How dare you, sir," cried Tudge, bouncing at him—"how dare you insult that lady by calling her by her Christian name? Samuel, show these fellows out, and never admit them again, on any pretence. And look here, you two, recollect this; you don't owe Mr. James Halley thirty thousand pounds, but you owe it to us—to me and Mr. Halley, and by Jove we'll have it paid!"

"This is insufferable—the fellow is mad or drunk," said Longdale.

"Both—a beast!" cried Merritt.

Mr. Tudge faced them, at the other end of the room, in a moment.

"If it wasn't for the lady, I'd——There, I won't quarrel with you. Samuel, show these men out."

Samuel evidently enjoyed it, and felt a most profound respect for the man who was his master's confident and manager; and without doubt he would have assisted the visitors' steps, had they not made a dignified show of going. And Canonbury knew them no more.

* * * * * *

"Is this true, Tudge?" said Mr. Halley, who was sitting up, with his head supported on May's breast.

"True as telegrams," said Tudge; "but I don't think there's a doubt about it. Mind you, it's a case of salvage—derelict picked up, and so on; but it will set you upon your legs again, James Halley, and we'll dissolve partnership to-morrow."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Halley, "never as long as I live."

"Nonsense—absurd!" said Tudge; "you are all right again, and I'll go back to my old style, and good luck to us! But I think I ought to stop in till those fellows have paid up—confound 'em! But you won't believe in them again, eh?"

Mr. Tudge read his answer in the eyes of both; and promising more news as soon as he could get it, he hurried back to the City.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE "MERRY MAY" AGAIN REACHED PORT.

THE messages that evening and all the next day were confirmatory of the good news; and the brightness came back to Mr. Halley's eyes as he felt how he could once more hold up his head in the City.

On the following morning, May was pouring out the coffee, when there was the noise of wheels, the shuffling of feet, then the door flew open, and Mr. Tudge danced in, waving his hat frantically.

He ran at May and hugged her, shook hands with Mr. Halley, and then stood in the middle of the room, and putting his hands to his mouth, he shouted out, in stentorian tones—

"Ship ahoy!"

"In dock?" exclaimed Mr. Halley, almost as excited.

"In dock, and her captain's in the hall—captain and mate that picked her up, floating in mid ocean, and brought her home."

"Not Simmons?"

"Simmons!" cried Tudge, in a tone of disgust.

"There was only one man who could have done it, and his name's——"

"Anderson!" cried May, half hysterically, as she started forward.

Her voice did it; for as she uttered his name, John Anderson—brown, flushed and excited, rugged and worn, with his long beard rusty with exposure—half rushed into the room, and clasped May's hand in his; till, trembling, with her face burning, she shrank away, to give place to her father, who took Anderson's hand eagerly, and spoke in broken accents—

"It's coals of fire on my head, John Anderson; but I'm humbled now—the old pride's gone, and you've rewarded me with good for my evil.

"To think, though, that you should save my ship; and we had mourned you for dead!"

"Mourned, sir?" said Anderson, huskily, and his eyes rested upon the crape bow which May still wore at her breast.

It was but for a moment, though; for the color mounted to the girl's temples as she snatched it off, and threw it upon the floor.

"May I take this, sir?" said Anderson, stooping and picking up the bow, while May turned away panting.

"Take it—take what you will, Anderson," cried Mr. Halley; "only tell me first that you've forgiven me my insults."

"Another word, sir, and you drive me away," said Anderson.

"I did say that I'd never darken your door again; but man proposes——"

"And God disposes," said a gruff voice, which drew attention to Basalt, with whom Mr. Halley and May shook hands most heartily.

"It's all right, sir—don't say anything about it; only that you didn't oughter have separated the May from the on'y cap'n as could sail her."

"I do say it, my man, most heartily," said Mr. Halley; and he shook hands once more.

"And not to come to me first, John!" said a piping old voice, as Mrs. Anderson entered directly after, and was clasped in the strong man's arms.

"I wouldn't let him till he'd done his business," cried Tudge; "but, you wicked old woman, didn't I send a cab for you to come here, where he's only been five minutes? And for you, too, Mrs. Gurnett?" he said.

"For which thankye, I says," said old Basalt, smiling down upon the comely face streaming with tears.

"Didn't I tell you, my lass, as it would be all right? Sweet little cherub up aloft, eh? And here we are, safe back again."

* * * * * *

Did Desdemona listen with such glowing cheek to the battle tales of the Moor as did May Halley that day, when in plain, unvarnished Saxon John Anderson told to all of their perils by sea, speaking often with solemn voice, of how they had been preserved time after time from what seemed imminent death? Surely not. But it was a hard task; for Jeremiah Basalt would keep interrupting with choice bits of his own that Anderson would have left out; and these bits were always of some piece of seamanship or daring, while the triumphant bit of all was that when Basalt sprang up and waved his arm about like a semaphore, and told of how Anderson had saved his life.

"Saved my life—not as it was mine, but belonged to Mrs. Gurnett here," he said; "for which, my dear, you ought to give him thanks."

Basalt nodded approvingly, as he saw Mrs. Gurnett go tearfully up to Anderson, and kiss the hands he held out to her; and then he started up, and John Anderson started too, as May Halley stood by Basalt's side, and thanked him, for her father's sake, she said, for what he had done.

It was an uneventful narrative, that latter part, which told of how, by nearly a miracle, John Anderson got his boat back, with its lifeless burden, to the "Merry May;" and then of how they reached the Mauritius, refitted, engaged about half a crew, and slowly sailed the vessel home.

"Which not another man in England could have done," cried Tudge, as he waved an extemporized ruler round his head, and brought it down bang upon the table.

"But what's the good of a cap'n without a well-found craft?" cried Basalt.

"And what ought to be done to the scoundrels who would send men helplessly to drown?" cried Tudge.

"They need no punishment," said Mr. Halley; "for sooner or later it returns upon themselves."

There was silence then, and John Anderson spoke with all eyes fixed upon him, as upon one who had returned from the dead.

"Mr. Halley has spoken rightly," he said.

"No punishment that man could invent could equal those conscience cries that must at times be felt by the most hardened of those who have to answer for the lives of men. I tell you this," he said, and his eyes flashed as he looked round—

"I who have stood again and again face to face with death—I tell you that at the most awful of those moments, when I was standing ready to meet Him who sent me upon this earth, I swear to you, by His holy name, that I would not have changed places with one of those men at home at ease who have to answer for the life of the father, the lover, and the son who have sailed in their rotten hulks. Punishment! My God! they have the cry of the bereaved maiden, the widow's moan, and the bitter wailing of the starving child of him whose bones lie fathoms low in the great deep. They need no punishment—they make their own."

And a sweet voice said, below its breath, heard by its utterer alone—

"Amen!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST KNOTS, AND HOW JEREMIAH BASALT CRIED "SHIP AHOY!"

A COLD day for a wedding—Christmas? That is a matter of opinion. But there, what need is there to tell? Of course it followed; for John Anderson and Basalt were married on the same day; and Tudge gave away the widow, grudgingly, he said; for if it hadn't been for Basalt——

Then too, he half threatened to hang himself in his braces.

But only half; for he made the punch a month later at Canonbury, and helped to drink it, sipping slowly while Mrs. Anderson related to him John Anderson's adventures from the age of six weeks, including his battle with the croup, fight with the measles, and dire encounter with the thrush.

"But after all," she said, "fine man as John was, he would never be equal to his father."

The Basalts wanted to get out coming to that dinner, but Mr. Halley would not hear of it for he said that Jeremiah was one of his best friends; and Basalt blushed, really and rosily, as did his wife, who sat and worshipped him with all her might.

It was a bright and manly speech that Mr. Halley made, and so was the response of John Anderson as he rose from beside his blushing wife.

It was a happy party that night, even though it was what Philip Merritt called "disgustingly low;" but then, the previous day, he had taken a receipt from Mr. Tudge for a heavy sum of money borrowed fourteen months before, and which he had been compelled to refund.

But low or not, there was happiness within those walls, and mirth and brightness, till John Anderson, captain, gave a toast, drunk by all standing and in silence—a toast that we will drink with all our hearts—

"God bless the men this night at sea!"

And then came the parting.

Mr. Basalt was only merry when he shouted along the hall to his captain, as he stood with his wife upon his arm—

"What cheer there with the Merry May?"

And again, as he was ensconced within the cab, and Samuel had closed the door, grinning with all his might, Basalt thrust out his head, and with lusty lungs roared out, as the cab was moving off—

"Ship Ahoy!"

[THE END.]

His Nurse.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"IT certainly is a great bore," exclaimed Mrs. Alfred Ridley, in tones not quite so musical as those with which that lady was wont to regale society.

"But, my dear, what was to be done?" appealed the master of the house. "In the name of common humanity was I to leave the poor fellow, the victim of the criminal carelessness of one of my own gamekeepers, weltering in his blood, lying on the damp ground, dying perhaps, within a hundred yards of my own house?"

"But who is he? Nobody knows," continued Mrs. Ridley. "How can I allow my daughters to wait upon a stranger? Neither can I spare time myself; and to leave him to the mercy of servants seems inhospitable and strange. Besides, he may die, and we shall have all the horrors of a resident corpse."

Spite of his perplexity, Mr. Ridley could not repress a smile.

"A resident corpse?" he repeated. "At all events, Mrs. Ridley, such a visitor is too transient to be termed resident."

"It is very well for you to make sport of any inadvertent expression my excitement may call forth," retorted his wife. "But for all that, I repeat that you should have had him carried to the cottage of the man who shot him. In a fortnight we give a ball, as you know, to welcome the return of Rex Hayward. If this stranger is very ill, we shall not be able to do so, and you know how many plans we have built upon that ball."

"Yes. Which is it to be? Is May or Ella selected for this conquering hero?"

"There is no occasion for levity, Mr. Ridley. Neither May nor Ella look for suitors; but nevertheless I had hoped that Mr. Hayward would be attracted by one or other of them. And the old friendship existing between the families, and his return after fifteen years' residence abroad, warrant us in showing that we appreciate his presence among us. He was but a lad of fifteen when

he bade us good-bye; he returns a man of thirty."

And Mrs. Ridley's face brightened with the advent of happier thoughts.

Meantime, the subject of all this conversation was stretched full length upon his back in one of the comfortable upstairs bedrooms, gradually recovering consciousness, with its unhappy accompaniment of intense physical suffering.

A half-involuntary movement caused a deep groan to escape from his white lips.

Some one, passing the open door, heard it, clad in deep mourning.

Shrinking somewhat as if the sight of pain hurt her, yet nerving herself to the effort, she approached the bed.

"If you can bear it a moment, I will try and make you more comfortable," she whispered.

And in a few minutes the sufferer felt that his head had found a fresh cool place, and his wounded arm a better support, for which he tried to look his thanks.

He could not speak them.

"Ah, Miss Armstrong, you here?" exclaimed Mrs. Ridley, standing on the threshold, and speaking in a tone of perceptible relief, as if seeing a way out of the difficulty into which she had found herself so unexpectedly plunged. "Would you mind helping me to nurse this young man? You know I have so little time, and my daughters are so young and inexperienced; besides, with them——"

She stopped, hesitating.

"I understand, Mrs. Ridley," answered the young girl. "I am used to nursing, and all the time I can spare from the schoolroom I will relieve you gladly.

"I will excuse you from the school-room. The children can have a holiday for the time."

Left alone, Rhoda Armstrong returned to the bed.

"Who are you, that they leave you with me?" she thought to herself. "Ah, if you could exchange places with this Rex Hayward, how they would vie with each other in their care of you! But, pshaw! I am growing uncharitable! My life is hardening me. Poor fellow! Whoever you may be, you look as though you had a long siege before you," which verdict the physician strengthened when he made his call.

The fever had risen, the inflammation in the wound increased.

A painful operation was necessary.

The doctor looked about him for an assistant.

"You, my child? No, no," he said, as Rhoda indicated herself. "I need a woman, not a nervous child."

"I was twenty on my last birthday," she replied. "I will not fail you."

Once or twice her cheek blanched, but she never once relaxed her hold.

She went through her part bravely; then, when all was over, fainted dead away.

But fortunately her swoon was short, and left no ill effects behind.

For two weeks, night and day, she watched beside the sufferer.

It was she who soothed his delirium, who moistened his parched lips, who loosened the bandages when they pressed, who watched while he slept.

Occasionally Mrs. Ridley would tiptoe to the door.

"I can do no good," she would say. "I must not run myself down. Mr. Hayward may arrive now any day. Do you think the young man will have recovered sufficiently to enable us to give our ball?"

But that he recovered at all the doctor said he owed to his most faithful nurse.

The rose-flush had all died from her cheek now; the eyes had that large heavy look only nights of sleeplessness give, and the golden hair hung in two large braids away below the slender waist.

It required less time to arrange it thus.

But one night, watching alone, the crisis passed.

He opened wide, inquiring eyes upon the little fairy vision who had mingled in all his delirious dreams.

"Is it May or Ella?" he asked.

She thought he was delirious still.

"It is neither," she answered, rising and approaching his side. "Only the children's governess."

He held out his hand very feebly, and she, to humor him, placed hers within it.

His fingers closed tightly over it, and thus holding it he fell asleep.

She dared not waken him.

It was the sleep which might buy his life.

There was no chair within her reach.

She feared to move, and so she stood motionless through the long hours until the dawn broke.

Her limbs trembled beneath her weight.

She was overcome by fatigue when at last he wakened to find her still standing.

"How long have I slept?" he asked.

"Four hours, I think," she answered.

"And you have stood all this time?"

"I feared to waken you."

He made no reply, but lifted the little hand to his lips and kissed it.

"How long have I been ill?" he questioned, later.

"Almost three weeks, sir."

"And they brought me to Oak Lawn. I remember that. But Mrs. Ridley and the girls—where are they?"

"You know them then, sir? That is very strange, for Mrs. Ridley did not seem to recognize you; but they are very busy now. They are expecting the return of the young heir to Hayward's Manor, who is to be laden down with festivities."

"Shades of my grandfather! What have I done to deserve this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that I am Rex Hayward, and that I could almost bless the wound which has given me this respite. I was on my way to call when that stupid gamekeeper mistook me for a partridge, and put a bullet through my arm."

"And you are Mr. Hayward? Oh, how sorry they will be!"

"What? Why, I thought you told me they were kind enough to count on my return?"

"Yes, yes—but sorry that they could not have helped me to nurse you. I—I—doctor——"

But the newcomer upon the scene had barely time to catch in his strong arms the slight young form before it would have fallen heavily to the floor.

"Used up," he said, with an ominous shake of his head. "I don't think she's slept six hours for a week. You've given me two patients, young man; but I tell you one thing—she has saved the sexton and the gravedigger one."

With which cheerful homily he strove to bring back life and consciousness.

But the doctor could no longer complain of a lack of nurses.

Now that his patient was convalescent, and that he had acknowledged his identity, they swarmed about him like bees in a hive.

May succeeded Ella, and Ella May, while Mrs. Ridley bustled about, all motherly kindness.

"It's too bad, Rex," she would declare. "I know the girls would have helped you to get well sooner, but really you looked so very disreputable, all covered with blood, and I am so guarded with them."

To all of which the young man listened silently.

Day after day he missed his gentle little nurse.

The thought that she was ill and suffering because of her faithfulness to him distracted him.

He would rather sleep than waken, for in his dreams she came to him, and once again he could feel the velvety touch of the small white hand.

But it was almost harder, when, through the doctor, he learned that she had recovered and had resumed her usual duties, though not to him.

His room saw her no more.

Once he ventured to speak of her to Mrs. Ridley.

"She is occupied with the children," she answered. "They have already lost too much time."

* * * * * *

"Mamma, she must have suspected all along," said May.

"Of course she did. Designing little minx!" said Ella.

"Never mind, my dears. He was delirious most of the time, and, besides, he is not likely to see her again."

Which prophecy seemed in a fair way of being carried out; for when, a fortnight later, his health gave him no further excuse for remaining at Oak Lawn, and he returned to Hayward's Manor, he had not been able to see Rhoda, even for a few simple words of thanks.

In her own room she heard the sound of carriage wheels bearing him away, and a quick pang of pain darted through her heart.

"Ah, he is a man," she whispered. "He forgets, but I—remember."

But next day she came home from a solitary ramble with flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

What had she seen in her walk?

Perhaps he had not forgotten!

The master of Hayward's Manor was affianced.

How the rumor spread, none knew; but all learned it, as they heard that a grand ball, to be preceded by tableau, was to be given in honor of his betrothed.

It was a crushing blow to Mrs. Ridley; but she already was looking into the future.

"Never mind, my dears!" she said to her disappointed daughters. "We must make ourselves agreeable, and propitiate her all we can, for she will be a power in the neighborhood."

The eventful evening came at last.

A flutter of curiosity pervaded the elegant assembly as they sat in the ball-room, waiting the rising of the curtain upon the tableaux; for it was suspected that in some one of them would be found the victor of the prize.

At last the curtain rose and fell.

Picture succeeded picture.

All were beautiful, and won enthusiastic plaudits.

Then the last was announced.

It was "The Sleeping Beauty."

Upon a couch lay a young girl, sleeping, her lips half-parted in a smile; her long, yellow hair unbound, covered her like a veil, and falling swept the floor.

She was the impersonation of an exquisite dream.

Who was she?

Who could she be?

Four alone of all that glittering multitude knew, and three women turned white with envious wrath.

The man was glad for the little girl's luck.

The curtain fell, but rose again upon the prince, who had come in to rouse her with a kiss.

It was their host; but when he had awakened her, he proudly slipped her hand within his arm, and led her out among his friends.

It was Rhoda Armstrong, Mrs. Ridley's late governess.

"But how had she captured him?"

"She nursed him while he was ill," answered Mrs. Ridley; "and between you and me, my dear, I don't think he's quite recovered from his delirium yet."

"Nor ever will, I trust," broke in the clear voice of her recent guest. "Mrs. Ridley, by-the-way, you have not yet congratulated my bride."

Which Mrs. Ridley forthwith proceeded to do in her most honeyed accents and her most gracious smiles, for had she not prophesied that she would be a power in the neighborhood, and were not her daughters still upon her hands?

Two Sisters.

BY HENRY SELBY.

A FRESH, breezy October morning.

Mr. Grace, leaning back in the seat on the station platform, was looking graver than men are wont to look on their wedding-day; but then Edward Grace had a grand, passionate, chivalrous soul, to whom pretty Stella Tarleton had brought such rapturous delight, that many a time her betrothed lover had wondered if it were possible such perfect content as was his could, in this world of discontent and longing, be lasting.

Fair Stella Tarleton—truly a star among women, and Edward Grace had been the man to win her.

They had been engaged a year, he and Stella, and in that year he had worked night and day almost to accomplish what he had said to himself he would accomplish before he made Stella his wife.

He had saved every shilling he could possibly save, and the result was—success, so far as his plan went; and it was making his heart thrill with proud satisfaction as he thought of the charming little surprise he had in store for Stella, when, returned from their short wedding-trip, he would take her to the little home he had made for them—the charming little Gothic cottage just outside the city limits—all furnished completely and tastefully from roof to cellar.

He was thoroughly, perfectly happy, even to gravity, that morning of his wedding-day, and with an impatience not unusual to him, he glanced at his watch and spoke to the driver to get along a little faster.

And then found himself wondering at the curious look on the fellow's face as he tightened his lines.

"All right, sir, if there's any call to hurry."

Edward colored.

Of course the man knew he was going to be married; everybody in the little country place knew both him and Stella Tarleton.

"There's no especial need to hurry beyond the fact that I am rather chilly."

No; there was no better reason.

The ceremony was fixed for eleven o'clock, and it was only ten now.

And yet Mr. Grace didn't quite like the look on the fellow's face—that was not sarcasm, or amusement, or sympathy, or surprise; that he did not feel he knew just what it really was.

At the gate of the pretty little country-house that was his darling's home, Mr. Grace paid and dismissed the man, and saw that same curious look upon his face, the look that was the only outward expression of the thought in his heart—

"Blamed if I believe he's heard about it."

All unconscious of John's knowledge, Mr. Grace went briskly up the little chrysanthemum-bordered walk, and had just stepped up on the piazza, when the front door opened suddenly, and a young girl rushed out—pale, agitated, with a look of astonishment, almost fear, in her blue eyes.

"Oh, Edward!"

"Yes, Dell. How are you all this morning? Why, you are more nervous than I am on the momentous occasion, little bridesmaid. Where will I find Stella?"

He stooped and kissed her tenderly—Stella's sister, almost his sister.

The tears rushed to her eyes; a little agonizing cry trembled on her lips.

"Oh, Ed! didn't you get the telegram we sent you this morning early?"

He suddenly straightened his tall form.

"Telegram? Who telegraphed to me? What for? What is the matter?"

The pale fear in his face was pitiful to see, and little Dell wrung her hands in agony.

"We are all crazy. Oh, Ed, mamma made me break the news. Stella——"

She broke down completely, leaving him in awful consternation.

"Great Heaven! what has happened to Stella!

"Speak—don't prolong this awful suspense. Is she dead? Tell me?"

"If she only had died before she was so heartless and cruel.

"Edward, she was married last night. She is gone."

Married last night and gone?

Stella Tarleton, the woman he had come to marry, the woman he loved, married, and gone, and not with him?

He walked on into the house in a dazed way, that, for the moment, effectually dulled the pain that was coming later.

He sat down on a chair, and listened to Mrs. Tarleton's crying, and Dell's pitiful explanation.

"We never imagined there was anything between them, indeed we didn't," she sobbed, all her tender heart broken at sight of this man's white, heart-broken look.

"But Stella was so obstinate and determined, and all our prayers and tears did not move her when she came in last evening, just at seven o'clock, and told us she was to be married to him at eight; and—at nine they left for Brighton.

"He bewitched her—I know he did, Edward. He said he was rich, and owned a mansion in town, and a country seat at Newport, and——"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, hoarsely.

"Who is 'he?' I don't know who you are talking about?"

"Henry Lennox. You have seen him here. Ed, don't look so dreadfully—you frighten me, so white and still, and unnatural. Try to believe Stella wasn't half good enough."

He got up from the chair unsteadily.

"Hush!" he said, speaking with such a terrible effort to restrain himself.

"Don't say anything like that, please. She—was to have been—my wife. Will you let me have a room just a little while? I should like to be alone—a little while."

And with tears dropping fast down her cheeks, Dell showed him to the guest chamber, where, as she turned away, she heard—the other side the door be instantly locked—the anguished outburst of his soul—

"Great Heaven! can it be? Stella married—married!"

While, at the self-same moment, Mrs. Henry Lennox was sitting in the express train on her way to Brighton, so fair to look at, so radiant and happy, her dark eyes flashing, her cheeks dimpled with smiles, as she realized that she had married a rich, handsome, stylish man—her exact ideal—after all.

She was sorry though, honestly sorry, about poor Ed Grace.

He had adored her, and had been so faithful, and tender, and true, and—she had not meant to be so false to him, until Mr. Henry Lennox had "bewitched her," as Dell had said.

And so reckless and wilful Stella had deliberately married Henry Lennox the night before her appointed wedding to Edward Grace, and had gained the goal of her ambition.

She was the bride of a gentleman who could bestow upon her the precious things of life that she would have had to wait many long years for before Edward could give them to her.

And—for just ninety-six hours, Stella was thoroughly happy, while the man she had used with a heartless cruelty that was scarcely imaginable, was undergoing such suffering that his brain almost turned, that nothing but God's mercy enabled him to endure and live.

And then Stella's "repentance at leisure" began, only in her case it was like a swift retribution.

They had been at Brighton a day or so, and were delightfully situated on the Parade, only Mr. Lennox was oftener out alone than with Stella, and upon this particular occasion Mr. Lennox was pouting the tiniest bit when her lord and master returned.

And all her life, having had people do just as she said, she took him to task for his neglect of her.

"Neglect?" he said, astonishedly.

"You call it neglect to be left here an hour or so, my dear? I wonder what you will think when you will find yourself at home, and have to spend the greater part of your time alone?

"Don't look so sulky, Stella. It spoils your beauty, and besides, I hate sulky people.

"I married you to amuse me when I needed amusement.

"I'll leave you oftener if I am compelled to see such a doleful face every time I come in."

He spoke almost savagely, and Stella looked surprised and angry.

"You needn't say a word, my dear," he went on, "because I've got something to tell you—some news to break—bad news too."

She looked at him, still more surprised.

"Bad news? What?"

He laughed, somehow it made her shiver with vague fear.

"I daresay you'll think I'm crazy—I believe there's plenty of fools honestly do, but I can swear to you I'm not; anyhow, I'm not Henry Lennox at all, and what's more, I'm blessed if I remember what my name is! Do you know, my dear?"

She started to her feet at his strange speech, his equally strange manner, nervous trembles of fright and bewilderment surging over her.

"I don't know what you mean, Henry," she said.

"Neither do I. I married you to be of use to me in just such crises as these—when I lose my memory, as I often do.

"But I'm not insane—I promise you that, no matter what my enemies may say. I have bitter enemies, Stella, my star—men who would kill me, or poison me without scruple, and that is why I am obliged to leave you alone so much.

"I don't care to be seen in your company, you know.

"Do you know, I have a suspicion that the landlord intends to put arsenic in the soup at dinner? But we'll circumvent him, won't we? We'll——"

And then it all occurred to the wretched woman, cowering in her chair—she was the wife of an insane man!

She remembered his exuberant spirit, and times of depression, in the few months she had known him, and now, she knew—

With a groan of horror she covered her face with her nerveless hands, just as there came a rap at the door, followed by the immediate entrance, without a summons, of three gentlemen, at the sight of whom Henry Lennox grew absolutely violent in speech, and more and more enraged, until at last he fell in a writhing spasm on the floor—Stella Tarleton's husband, the man for whom she had wrecked two lives!

With grave, pitying tones, it was explained to her, that Jasper Cullenden, that was his name, had been unsound in his mind, at intervals, for years, and that for weeks the proprietors of the Home for Feeble-

minded Unfortunates had been looking for him, to find him thus.

Words seems tame to describe Stella's agony, her shame, her disgust, the horror; but there was only one sensible thing to do, and that was to telegraph home—oh, misery! oh, shame!—for money to pay her hotel bill and buy her return ticket.

And a week from the day she had gone, Stella slunk home in the darkness, utterly broken, utterly crushed, a wrecked, spoiled life ahead of her.

"It is just," she said, sobbing on her knees at her mother's feet.

"It is just, but it is almost more than I can endure. At the best, I didn't love him, mamma, it was only that my pride and ambition were gratified."

And in the increasing pangs of remorse, the months wore on, until one day the news came that her husband was dead.

And then hope began to grow once more in her poor, foolish heart, as she remembered how Edward Grace had loved her once.

Until one soft, sweet April day her mother told her that Dell had promised to be his wife.

His Mother's Picture.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

OLD Madame Leffingwell had the misfortune to be born of an old family, and her last words were:

"If a child of mine marries beneath him, I will come back to curse him!"

Even in that terrible moment, Henriette, the only daughter of the crone, could not refrain from glancing at Robert, the youngest son, nor could he help blushing.

For it was Robert that Madame meant.

Edward was married, and the father of a family, and Henriette could not be spoken of as "him."

Nothing now remained in the old home to tell of Madame Leffingwell's reign there but her portrait—a stately full-length, not unlike a handsome Queen Elizabeth, in its black velvet robes and diamonds, the effect heightened by the ruffs which mother and daughter both affected, though fashion forbade them to have the Elizabethan height.

One bright day it pleased Mrs. Edward Leffingwell to visit her sister-in-law, to bring her two children and their governess with her.

"You have so much room, and are so hospitable, Retta," she said, "that I shall make no excuses whatever. Miss Quincy can sleep wherever the children do; and we all want a week of country air so much."

Miss Henriette was obliged to smile and utter words of welcome, but she could have stabbed dark-eyed Miss Quincy with the hand she held out to her.

As for the governess, her blood fairly boiled at the thought that she had come to the house of one who had behaved as Robert Leffingwell had done—who had won her heart and then forgotten her.

Miss Quincy's coldness, and his mother's last words, his wish to be dutiful, and his desire to be happy, all drove poor Robert to distraction's verge; and one day his self-restraint came to an end with the sight of the governess in a pensive mood, quite alone in the library, setting copies for her young charges.

All the little governess knew of the matter was, that there had been a moment when she felt as though she would faint; that when it passed he was on his knees at her feet; that his arm was about her waist, and he was telling her all that she had longed to hear.

He loved her; he adored her; he should kill himself if she refused to be his wife, for he could not live without her.

And when they parted she wore his ring upon her finger.

"My dear Henriette," said young Mrs. Leffingwell, a few days after, "there is something going on that you really ought to know. Robert and Rosa Quincy are engaged."

"Have you lost your senses or have I, or is it Robert who has gone mad?" asked Miss Henriette, in awful tones.

"Robert is quite in his right mind," said the young matron. "Rosa Quincy is as good as she is pretty. A great deal prettier than I am, Henriette, and you did not wonder that Edward chose me."

"You were a De Coursey," said Miss Leffingwell.

"That had nothing to do with it, Retta," said Mrs. Leffingwell, "nothing."

"And Rosa Quincy's mother takes in washing, doesn't she?" asked Henriette languidly.

"Washing! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Poor Mrs. Quincy, when left a widow, restored fine old lace elegantly."

"She must have washed it," sighed Henriette.

"Well," said Mrs. Leffingwell, "she was a lady, at all events; and Rosa had a perfect education; and Robert is right. Now, don't be unpleasant."

"I shall not say a word," sighed Miss Henriette; "but how can Robert forget his mother's dying words?"

"But perhaps your mother might not think that Robert married beneath him if he married Rosa Quincy," said Mrs. Leffingwell.

"I am sure mamma alluded to Rosa," replied the spinster.

But as Henriette said nothing severe, the young people were happy.

When Rosa went away, her future sister-in-law even kissed her, and Robert was grateful.

He also had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Leffingwell could not have thought Rosa beneath him, and the comfort of the thought was very great.

He sat that evening alone in the room in which that full-length picture of his mother hung.

He had been reading by the light of a student's lamp.

There was no other in the room.

The hours had followed each other to their graves until the twelfth was buried.

A dozen silver strokes had been made upon the bell of the old clock by the little silver and bronze figure of Time, who struck it with his scythe when each new hour was born.

Robert felt very fond of all the world just then—the world that made him so happy.

His book, a romantic story, such as people are prone to read at such times, was just finished.

He still held it between his fingers, but his hand had dropped over the arm of the Turkish chair in which he sat, and his eyes were fixed upon the portrait of his mother.

"Dear mother," he said to himself, "how good you were to me! Stern and cold by nature, you still loved me fondly. Ah, if you were with me again!"

In the dim light of the room the picture seemed strangely life-like.

The young man emotions overcame him.

He spoke aloud, "Ah, mother, if you could return," he said, "it would be to tell me I had done well."

Almost as the words passed his lips he saw rising from the floor or from behind the picture what seemed like a column of smoke.

It was white and thick.

He seemed to catch such an odor as drifts down the aisle of a cathedral when the censer is swung before the altar.

His first thought was of fire, but the strange perfume produced an indescribable effect upon him.

Instead of starting to his feet he sat riveted to his chair with those strange thrills that supernatural terrors somehow cause, running through his whole frame.

And as he sat thus the strange white smoke covered his mother's picture, and from its midst a figure stepped forth and stood before him

His mother, in her velvet robe, her diamonds, her yellow lace; his mother as the artist had painted her, but with brows sternly bent and a warning finger uplifted as it had been when in early childhood he had offended her.

His mother's spirit.

He had no doubt of it.

He sank upon his knees, stretching out his arms towards her.

"Mother," he said, "do you come to bless me, to tell me I have done right? Tell me, mother!"

The lips of the figure moved, and from them slowly, one by one, these words dropped into the silence of the room:

"Remember—my—dying—words!"

Then the figure disappeared, the strange perfumed smoke faded away, and his mother's picture looked down on him as it had done before.

It was not long before young Mrs. Leffingwell came to her sister-in-law's home again.

She came alone this time, and at once sought Robert in the room in which he had shut himself up, except at meal-times, for more than two weeks.

She entered it, shut the door behind her, seated herself, and spoke gravely:

"Robert, what is this between yourself and Rosa? She is very sad. She has told me that all is over between you. Is it Henriette who has caused this?"

"Henriette is kindness itself," said Robert. "She is as grieved, as terrified as I am; but none of us dare disobey a voice from the grave."

"Explain yourself, Robert," said his sister-in-law.

"My mother has come from her grave to forbid the marriage," said Robert. "No, I am not mad, sister."

And then he told her in what way his mother's spirit had appeared to him.

"You slept and dreamt, Robert," said Mrs. Leffingwell.

"No, that I deny. Would I not rejoice to think it so!" replied Robert. "The spirit was there—no faint shadow. I could have touched it with my hand."

Mrs. Leffingwell listened.

"Do you not remember that there are such things as optical illusions?" said she.

"Yes, I have thought of everything," said Robert. "But I saw, I heard, and then the perfume."

"Very well. It is possible that things of this sort may happen," said Mrs. Leffingwell; "but, Charles, if your mother could come once she could come again. Promise me that you will not let this one experience decide you to break Rosa's heart and make yourself miserable for life. Go to the long drawing-room again to-night. Sit where you sat, and watch. If your mother comes again, do as she bids you. Otherwise, believe me, you have had a dream—nothing more."

"Perhaps you are right," said Charles. "I will do as you say. Believe me, Rosa is dearer to me than my life. Nothing less solemn than this could part us."

Mrs. Leffingwell left when he had made her this promise, and went to Henriette, who professed herself awe-stricken by what had happened, but declared that her brother could do no better than to follow the advice given to him.

Midnight came again.

It found Charles Leffingwell in the apartment where he had been visited by his mother's spirit.

The same pale light burns upon the writing-table.

Robert sat in the same place.

The figure of Time upon the clock struck twelve slow strokes with his scythe, and then—yes, Robert Leffingwell was not sleeping now or dreaming—yet then the same soft, white smoke began to creep over the picture.

The same faint perfume filled the room.

The figure on the canvas faded, and another stood amidst the mist that hid it.

Again his mother, in her velvet robes, pointing at him with a warning finger.

"It is your spirit, mother!" cried Charles Leffingwell. "I cannot deny it. Bless me! Tell me if I do well. I love her; she loves me. Bless us both, my mother!"

And she answered, but what she said was this:

"Marry, and I return to curse you!"

Robert Leffingwell sank into his chair with a groan.

The slow, cold voice was silent; the figure stepped back into the heavy, white depths that covered all the wall; but now a lighter one, smaller, more human, was seen in the room.

With a little cry, it flitted across the floor and into the smoke.

A sound as of a struggle was heard, and then the voice of young Mrs. Leffingwell was lifted high.

"More light—more light, Robert!" it cried. "I've caught your ghost! More light to see her by!"

The light flashed up, and through the dispersing smoke Robert saw his sister-in-law with her arms about the waist of a velvet-clad woman.

"It is Henriette; not your mother!" she said. "Look in the little cup closet by the chimney. "You will find the perfumed drugs burning in a pan. Look; it is only Henriette."

And Robert advanced, and saw his sister's face lined into age with true actress art.

"Could you do that to me?" he said.

"It was only to carry out your mother's wish, Robert," said Henriette, in a low voice. "I knew you would not regard me. I spoke as she would speak if she could come back from heaven."

"In heaven they do not think of pride of birth, Henriette," said Mrs. Leffingwell; "but of true love I doubt not they think often. Robert must marry Rosa. You see now. Forgive her, Robert, or I shall be sorry for my part in this affair."

The brother held out his hand.

The sister took it.

But she left the old house on the day the young wife entered it, and dwelling in solitary state, treasures her family pride as did old Madame Leffingwell in her lifetime.

Despite of this, the wedded lovers are happy.

In Spite of Fate.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

ELDERLY Russian ladies seldom retain many traces of their beauty."

Such was the remark that a young friend made to me at a recent scientific gathering.

Following the direction of his eyes, I saw Madame Ouroff, with whose sad history I was familiar.

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but I think the record of that lady's life would show you the folly of judging from an individual case.

"Sorrow, not age, has ploughed the furrows in her face."

"She has a history, then?"

"She has, indeed. Let us take a stroll and a weed, while I endeavor to give you some idea of what she has passed through."

Sauntering from the brilliantly illuminated saloon, where the celebrities of the day met in friendly rivalry, into a dimly-lighted fernery, we lit our cigars, and reclined at our ease on fauteuils placed in the friendly shade of spreading palms.

The voices of the busy throng we had quitted sounded like the distant hum of bees, hushed now by the song of some human nightingale, and springing into life with renewed vigor as the song queen sank into silence.

How far I repeated to my friend the visions of the past, as they seemed to wreathe themselves in the smoke of my cigar—how far my mind outstripped my tongue, I cannot tell, but I will describe the scenes as faithfully as possible, neither hindering nor hurrying them in their shadowy course.

It is a beautiful night in Moscow—a night with which an artist would delight to adorn an Italian scene.

The silvery moon illumines the oddly-built houses of the quaint old town, bringing their elaborate carving into bold relief, and turning the domes of the scattered mosques into globes of molten lead.

Let us examine the beautiful tracery of that balcony bathed in the full flood of light.

But surely we are in Spain—in the land of love? Listen! "My darling—my own!" Happy lovers; we will leave you to your dreams.

Oh, that this world could contain such a paradise as you each would build for the other.

Ivan Ouroff is the only son of a Russian noble.

His father has long retired from a Court ill-suited to an honorable and comparatively poor man.

Ivan is a fine young Russian, tall, broad-shouldered, fair, with tender light blue eyes, courageous as a lion, yet gentle and loving as a woman: no wonder that he is the very life and soul of his darling little Ida.

Look at them as they come in together from the balcony.

Is there not an almost unearthly beauty about them as the moonlight wraps them in its weird mantle, her perfect form showing through her soft white robe like the living marble of a Michael Angelo!

They pass into the shade, and presently the stillness of night is broken by the full, rich tones of a voice that seems to come from another world.

He is singing her an old love-song; a song of two souls united in deep, passionate love—love boundless, love intense and infinite.

Her eyes sparkle, her bosom heaves as her lover gives utterance to the deepest emotion of their hearts.

But soon his song changes to the thrilling madness of wild despair.

Death has claimed the body of one—the life of both.

Ivan finishes; and the sobbing of his betrothed tells how well he has rendered the pathetic old ballad.

"Come, come, my little one! 'tis but an ill service for me to make you weep. We must not glean sorrow from a sentimental ballad. Listen to this."

Cheerful music soon restores the smiles to Ida's face; and a right happy evening the two lovers enjoy together.

It is late before Ivan leaves Ida's home; yet his steps lead him in a direction opposite to his own.

As he walks rapidly away from the better part of the town the streets narrow till the projecting houses almost meet overhead. Stopping before one of the smallest and most dilapidated in the poorest and dirtiest district of the town, he knocks; and satisfactorily answering a challenge from within, is admitted into a dark passage, which soon hides him from our view.

* * * * * *

"Ida, as you hope for happiness, hate me! Oh, that we had never met, that we had never known what it is to live for each other only!

"Would that I were the meanest wretch grovelling on the earth, that you might despise and spurn me!

"Hate me, I tell you, as you would hate your deadliest foe!"

"My darling, what madness is this! Have you already forgotten your love? Oh, no; you cannot. Say you have not! Your very look terrifies me!"

His face was contorted, his eyebrows lowered, his lips closely together, while his eyes—his soft blue womanish eyes, glittered with a fire that threatened the total overthrow of reason."

"You think I am mad—well, perhaps I am.

"I know too late and too surely that I have been.

"Oh, why did I bend to the accursed yoke, and call it liberty? Is any madness equal to that of a man who shatters his life, and with it the life of all he loves, for the sake of a phantom?. I am indeed a madman, though the world would call me sane. Ida, say I am not betrothed to you—that I am nothing to you—that you despise me—anything rather than that you love me!"

"Ivan, darling, I cannot understand you. I love you as a woman alone can love! I live in your life—die in your death! You cannot be faithless to me; but if you were, I should still love you as a dog loves the master that strikes it."

Ivan groaned and pressed his hand heavily against his aching forehead.

"Alas! yes, Ida darling, we must love each other! Oh, mad, mad love!"

For some time he was silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, his ever-changing countenance showing the frightful struggle passing in his mind.

Poor Ida, it was hard for her to witness a struggle the cause of which she could not comprehend.

Gradually Ivan became calmer, though he was no longer the gay, happy lover of yesterday, for he bore the stamp of a mighty sorrow.

"Ida, darling," he said, raising her troubled face to his, and gazing into her moistened eyes, "will you take me in spite of the ballad—in spite of fate?"

"My husband!"

Ivan seized her in his arms, and showering a thousand kisses upon her fair young forehead, her eyes, her lips, whispered, "My own—my wife!"

"But see," said she, smiling through her tears; "is it not strange I found this note for you upon my pillow this morning, and no one can tell me how it came there?"

Ivan took the note in his trembling hand and tearing it open, read:

"The time draws near. Let not the Dove tame the Hawk, lest the Hawk also should become a victim."

Crushing the note, and thrusting it hastily into his pocket, he assumed a gaiety he was far from feeling, and forced fiercely back the dark shadow that had threatened to master him.

Love is a subtle charmer, and his magic spell soon restored tranquillity to our two lovers.

* * * * * *

The summer has passed, and an unusually early and severe winter has sent its icy blast over Moscow.

The snow lies thick on the icebound ground, almost hiding the houses under its dazzling mantle.

The deserted streets echo the howling of starving wolves.

Woe betide any rash wayfarer who ventures out without a thick casing of furs.

Indoors, blazing fires cannot warm the nipping air which penetrates into the room in spite of double windows and doors.

Unusual life and bustle animate the house where we first saw the lovers in the glory of a summer eve.

It is the day on which Ivan and Ida are to be made man and wife.

Happy and well-matched pair, well may you be proud of each other.

What long, happy vistas of life open out before your enchanted eyes!

At the first sound of approaching sleigh-bells, the heavy oak doors of the old mansion are thrown open, and many a fur-clad figure goes forth, and buried beneath bear and sable rugs in the luxurious sleigh, bids defiance to the weather.

It is a joyous party that flies through the cutting air to the church where the marriage ceremony is to take place.

* * * * * *

The thousands tints from the stainless glass windows, the rolling tones of the organ, the chanting of the priests arrayed in their sacred robes of office, the solemnity which might inspire Satan himself with awe.

The scene is closing.

The church is signifying its assent and blessing the union.

Suddenly a loud report echoes through the building, and, with a wailing groan, poor Ivan falls into the arms of his bride, and with her to the ground, dead!

For a second the muffled sound of horses' hoofs on the snow is heard, and the assassin is gone beyond hope of recovery.

I need hardly tell you that this foul deed was the work of Nihilists.

On the night we saw Ivan Ouroff enter the old house, it was for the purpose of attending a secret meeting.

He was drawn to carry out a decree of death on one of their intended victims, his own life being the penalty he would have to pay should he fail to make the attempt.

The softening effect of his love for Ida made him recoil in horror from the thought of uniting her to an assassin.

In spite of warning he defied Fate and the Nihilists, with what tragic result you now know.

* * * * * *

The last wreath of smoke rose from my cigar in a curling, twisting cloud, spreading and fading into a thin blue mist as it soared above my head.

The crashing music of Wagner's "Tannhauser" dispelled my musings, and reminded me of our prolonged absence from the brilliant saloon.

"Let us go back into the world, where I will introduce you to our heroine."

RELIGIOUS CONVULSIONS.—Extraordinary interest was excited in the popular mind of Kentucky at an early day by a form of convulsive disease, which, through it had been witnessed elsewhere in the world, had never before assumed a shape so decidedly epidemic. Among the Camisards, or French prophets, who appeared in the mountains of the Cevennes toward the close of the seventeenth century, the subjects, when about to receive the gift of prophecy, were often affected with trembling and fell down in swoons. When the fit came, no matter where they were, they fell, smiting their breasts with their hands, crying for mercy, and imprecating curses on the Pope. They were finally, after an obstinate struggle, put down by their insane persecutor, Louis XIV. Epidemic convulsions prevailed in Scotland half a century later. Multitudes, under pungent preaching, were violently agitated, uttering loud cries, shaking, trembling, bleeding at the nose, the minister promoting the uproar by urging them not to stifle their convictions. The shriek or the shout, it is stated, never rose from one but that others joined in the outcry. The early career of John Wesley is well known to have been marked by similar disorders. In his journal he records numerous instances of men and women dropping to the ground under his preaching "as if struck by lightning," ten or a dozen praying at once. They had also prevailed extensively in New Zealand half a century before they became epidemic in Kentucky. The elder Edwards has left an instructive account of the bodily agitations which accompanied the revivals of religion from 1735 to 1742. Many instances are given of fainting, falling, trance, numbness, outcries and convulsions, and he relates that some of the subjects lost their reason. The epidemic of Kentucky spread more widely, and persisted for a longer time, as well as in more extravagant forms. It continued to reappear for several years, and involved a district of country extending from Ohio to the mountains of Tennessee, and even into the old settlements in the Carolinas. Lorenzo Dow relates that at a religious meeting in the Court House of Knoxville, when the Governor of Tennessee was present, he saw 150 people "jerking" at one time. But at other places the frenzy reached a greater height. It was computed that at a religious meeting in Kentucky not less than 3000 persons fell in convulsions to the ground.

SCOURGING JUDAS.—The ceremony of scourging an effigy of Judas Iscariot was gone through, on Good Friday last, with great unction, by the crews of three Portuguese and Maltese vessels lying in the London docks. A block of wood roughly hewn into human lineaments and shape, was first carried in procession round the quarter-deck of one of the vessels, and then hung from the yard-arm. The flogging then began amidst general and sustained execration. Each man, armed with a knotted rope, belabored the insensate block, heaping upon it at the same time the most fearful vituperation. After being duly scourged, "Judas" was cut down, cast upon the deck, cursed, spat upon, and ultimately kicked to the galley fire, where, after being burned to a charred mass, he was hurled amid fierce anathemas into the water. The sailors then went to church.

ANECDOTES OF BIBLES.

IN view of the publication of a revised translation of the New Testament, it may not prove uninteresting to glance at the many curious vicissitudes which have befallen the early translations and editions of the Bible, for it seems to be a difficult matter to get a book through the press, particularly a large book like the Bible, without a great number of errata. Small books even, were not so exempt from blunders as we might suppose. A thin octavo volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled "The Anatomy of the Mass," was published in 1561, which was followed by fifteen pages of errata! The pious monk who wrote it informs his readers in the Preface to the Errata that the blunders in his little book was caused by the machinations of Satan!

During the Commonwealth, and even a short time before Charles I.'s execution, the printers, in order to meet the great demand which then existed, sent out Bibles from their presses as quickly as they could, regardless of errors and omissions. One of the Harleian Manuscripts relates that the Archbishop Usher, while on his way to preach at Paul's Cross—a wooden pulpit adjoining the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning—went into a bookseller's shop and inquired for a Bible of the London edition. He was horrified to discover that the text from which he was to preach was omitted! This formed the first complaint to the king of the careless manner in which Bibles were printed.

The Pearl Bible, printed in 1653, is perhaps the most blundering Bible ever issued. A manuscript in the British Museum affirms that one of these Bibles swarmed with six thousand faults. The name Pearl given to this book by collectors, and a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum, is derived from the printers' name for a diminutive kind of type. Two errata of its may be mentioned. In Romans vi. 13, "righteousness" was printed for "unrighteousness;" and at First Corinthians vi. 9, a "not" was omitted, so that the text read—"The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Bonnemere printed a Bible in French at Paris in 1538, in the reign of Francis I. He says in his preface that this Bible was originally printed at the request of His Most Christian Majesty Charles VIII. in 1495, and that the French translator has added nothing but the genuine truths. Yet the following is interwoven with the thirty-second chapter of Exodus at the twentieth verse: "The ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burnt, and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those which had worshipped the calf."

There are several "Treacle Bibles" known to book-collectors. The edition of May 1541 of Cranmer's Bible, at Jeremiah viii. 22, asks: "Is there no tryacle at Gilead? Is there no phisycyon there?" There also appeared a "Rosin" Bible in which that word was substituted for treacle; and a "Bug" Bible, because that unpleasant insect was said by the printers to be the "terror by night" mentioned in the fifth verse of Psalm xci. The "Vinegar" Bible, printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called from the twentieth chapter of Luke's Gospel being said to contain "The Parable of the Vinegar" (instead of "vineyard") in the summary of contents at the head of the chapter. It was looked upon as a good joke in the times of political corruption when Matthew (v. 9) was made to say, "Blessed are the "place-makers." The "Breeches" Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560, said at Genesis iii. 7, that Adam and Eve "made themselves breeches." This version is as old as Wycliffe's time, and appears in his Bible. The Oxford Bible of 1792 declared that Philip instead of Peter would deny Christ before cock-crow.

From these blundered editions let us now go back to the first complete printed Bible—that by John Faust, printed at Mayence, in Germany, in 1455. This magnificent work was executed with cut-metal types on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, some of the copies on fine paper, and others on vellum; and is sometimes known as the "Mazarin Bible," a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is also called the "Forty-two Line Bible," because each full column contains that number of lines; and lastly, as Gutenberg's Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Faust in its issue. It was printed in Latin; and the letters were such an exact imitation of the work of an amanuensis, that the copies were passed off by Faust, when he visited Paris, as manuscript, the discovery of the art of printing being kept a profound secret. He sold a copy to the king of France for thirty-five hundred dollars, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for two thousand dollars; although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as three hundred dollars. The low price and a uniformity of the lettering of these Bibles, caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to be printed with his blood: and as he could immediately produce new copies as he pleased, he was adjudged in league with Satan. He was apprehended, and was forced to reveal the newly discovered art of printing, to preserve himself from the flames. This is supposed to be the origin of the tradition of "the devil and Dr. Faustus," dramatized by Christopher Marlowe.

One of the highest prices—if not the highest—realized by any book was for a copy of this splendid Bible, at a sale in England in 1873. A copy on vellum was sold for $17,000; another on paper for $13,000.

When Dr. Castell was engaged in the preparation of his Polyglot Bible, he was much patronized by Cromwell, who allowed the paper to be imported free of duty. It was published during the Protectorate, and dedicated to Cromwell in a respectful preface. At the Restoration (1660), Cromwell's name was omitted, and the Republican strains of the preface toned down. The different editions are known as "Republican" and "Royal" among book-collectors. At that time, there was a mania for dedicating books to somebody—a celebrity, if possible.

Before types were invented, printing pictures from engraved wooden blocks was accomplished in the fourteenth century. Books were made of engravings of the most remarkable incidents in the books of Moses, the Gospels, and Apocalypse; they were called Biblia Pauperum, or Poor Men's Bibles. The rare edition of the "Biblia Germanica," published in 1487, contains many colored wood-cuts remarkable for the singularity of their designs: for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a tub, and Elijah as ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled wagon! The Bishop's Bible—so called from the fact that most of the translators were bishops—was published in 1568. It contained a portrait of the Earl of Leicester the great and powerful favorite of Elizabeth, placed before the Book of Joshua; whilst another portrait, that of Sir William Cecil—also a favorite of the queen—adorned the Psalms. In the edition of 1574, a map of the Holy Land, and the Arms of Archbishop Parker, the chief translator, were substituted.

GEMS AS "CHARMS."

LOOKING around and above him through the universe, dim to his eyes, man first of all perceived that on earth there existed a few things that were very rare.

And among the rarest of rare things were the precious stones.

It was quite logical that they should be considered before all things "precious," specially created by supernatural virtues. The belief, originating probably in India, the cradle and first home of all gems and precious stones, spread rapidly through the ancient world.

Thus we are told in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus that gems were an indispensable adjunct in the attire of the high priest. "And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord; and shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually."

It is probable that the "Urim" and the "Thummim" were large diamonds, although Epiphanius, the early Christian bishop and learned historian, describes them as of a sky-color, and they therefore may have been sapphires, valued equal to diamonds in ancient times.

According to Epiphanius, the Urim and Thummim in the "breastplate of judgment" of Aaron were endowed with special virtues, for "the change in the color of them when he came out from the sanctuary, manifested the favor or anger of Jehovah."

Not only the natives of India, the Egyptians, the Jews, and other nations of ancient history, had full faith in the occult power of gems, but even the highly cultivated Greeks believed in it.

The Greeks trust in the wonder-working power of precious stones is expressed in numerous works of their classical writers, and stands forth strikingly in an "Ode on Gems." In this poem of about eight hundred lines a list is given of all the precious stones known to the Greeks, and the supernatural qualities ascribed to each of them. Orpheus calls gems in general "the highest gift of Jove to mortals, bestowed upon them as a sure remedy against all earthly woes." All precious stones, says are hidden by the gods underground, "in mystic caves," and whosoever can discover them will be rewarded by "endless blessings;" to the possessors "care and sorrow will be unknown, as well as illness, and they will always obtain victory in battle." Coming to specify the virtues of each individual gem, Orpheus advises that "if thou wearest a piece of the agate stone on thy hand, the immortal gods will ever be pleased with thee; and if the same be tied to the horns of thy oxen when ploughing, or round the ploughman's sturdy arm, wheat-crowned Ceres will descend from heaven with full lap to throw it upon thy furrows." Of the ruby Orpheus says, "From off the almus thou, like the crystal [garnet or carbuncle], dost send forth a flame without the aid of fire;" and of the topaz, "Adorned with it, man may gain at once the heart of every woman, and woman the heart of every man." Happy Greeks! The acquisition of a topaz must surely among them have made the course of true love to run for ever smooth.

The belief in precious stones as "charms," dating back to the most remote ages, is still flickering at the present time. It exists yet in parts of the Indian empire, and is said to be notably strong in Persia. That august personage, the Shah, has on good authority, a number of gems in the possession of which he puts the firmest faith as a protection against all earthly ills and misfortunes. Accidental circumstances perhaps helped to strengthen this faith, for on one occasion the bullet of a would-be assassin glanced off from the casket of the jewels which the "King of Kings" wears always on his breast. It may be that on this account the Shah of Persia has come to be the proprietor of the largest collection of jewels in the world, the total being valued at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars.

Scientific and Useful.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—Wall paper may be somewhat cleaned by using fine, dry Indian meal—rubbing it on with a soft dry cloth.

STAINS.—Those left by lime and alkalies in white goods may be removed by simple washing. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are moistened, and very dilute citric acid is applied with the finger end.

PAPER.—The uses to which paper is applicable are almost unlimited. Paper pulp, treated with chloride of zinc and subjected to pressure, forms a substance resembling both leather and wood. Steam packing is made by incorporating plumbago into paper while in its pulpy state.

LINEN.—Linen can be washed beautifully by using refined borax instead of soda as a washing powder. One large handful is used to every ten gallons of water, and the saving of soap is about one-half. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity is used. Borax softens the hardest water and does not injure the linen.

FIREARMS.—An ingenious improvement has been made in firearms—the new feature consisting mainly in the combination with the usual self-cocking lock of a concealed trigger, readily projected from a small guard by a pressure of the thumb or finger. It is asserted that this arrangement by doing away with the usual open guard and projecting trigger, notably diminishes the bulk and the weight of the lock, while at the same time it increases the safety in handling and carrying the arm. While the improvement in question is intended for all classes of firearms, the special advantages claimed for it are in respect to revolvers—these advantages, as explained, consisting in the long felt desiderata of increased safety and diminished bulk.

SOLUBLE GLASS.—According to the London *Engineer*, soluble glass is capable of far more extended application in the arts than has yet been attempted. A compact, marble-like stone is formed when it is mixed with chalk and dried, similar stones being also formed by mixing the water glass with bone ash, zinc white, and magnesia. With clay, lime, sand, cement, etc., soluble glass enters largely into the composition of many artificial stones, tiles, slates, etc., and also of the common soaps, the detergent qualities of the glass making it an excellent scouring material. In cold water this glass is nearly insoluble, or dissolves very slowly, but in boiling water it dissolves with facility, and remains in solution after the water has cooled. If the water contains thirty per cent. of the glass in solution, there is presented a substance of a syrupy consistence, useful as a transparent varnish on many substances.

Farm and Garden.

THE HORSE.—It is asserted that nine-tenths of the foot and ankle ailments of horses are traceable to standing on dry plank floors. We think a mistake is committed in making the mangers of horse stalls to high, and also in not providing for requisite light. It is an unnatural position for the horses' head, besides the other disadvantages, to take it from a point on a level with its body. And there is not much doubt that from standing in dark stalls a considerable part of the time impaired eyesight or total blindness has resulted.

NATURAL FLOWERS.—To preserve natural flowers so that they will look natural, either single or in bouquets, dissolve by agitation and digestion in a closely-stoppered bottle three-quarters of an ounce of clear pale gum copal, coarsely powdered and mixed with an equal weight of broken glass, in one pint of pure sulphuric ether—ethylic ether. Dip the flowers in this liquid, remove quickly, expose to the air ten minutes, then dip again; and expose as before. Repeat dipping and drying four or five times. Most flowers thus treated will remain unaltered for some time if not handled.

FLAX.—Flax raising is getting to be an important industry in the newer portions of the Western States. It proves a good crop on new lands, and pays well, the seed being always in demand; and this adds another great feature, quick cash returns. In addition to the seed there is beginning to be a demand for the straw for the manufacture of twine, and it is probable that in a short time the large amount of fibre produced will all be utilized—a great saving and consequent addition to the profit of growing the crop. The present yield in the United States is between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 bushels of seed and an estimate of 10,000 tons of fibre. A large portion of the latter is wasted. The demand for seed keeps up with the supply, although the latter is increasing fast.

WHITEWASH EARLY.—As early as possible, a liberal application of whitewash should be applied to every building on the farm. During winter when everything is closed in order to give comfort to the animals, there is more or less accumulation of offensive vapors, which are deposited in every nook and corner of the barn, stables, pig sties and poultry houses. Lime not only neutralizes these deposits, which are unobservable to the unaided eye, but renders all the apartments lighter, more comfortable and cheerful. The insects that hide in the crevices, as well as their eggs, are also destroyed by it. There is no work more important in the poultry house than whitewashing. If it is well cleansed and limed with the whitewash brush many diseases of fowls will be avoided, and the consequence will be more eggs.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1882.

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"BARBARA GRAHAM."

The story begun in the present number of THE POST, under the above title, is in every respect of more than ordinary interest. We can highly commend it to the attention of our readers, and feel assured they will agree with us in pronouncing it one of the very best serials that has yet appeared in our pages.

SMALL TALK.

There are certain phrases current in society which do duty again and again, and the knowledge of which, or the ignorance of the same proves a person to be uniniti ated in what is aptly termed the small talk of society.

The highest education is naturally the key-note to all that is refined and polished in the art of conversing, and enables a person to steer clear of all errors of speech and vulgarisms of expression that those less educated invariably perpetrate; but there is a point where fashion steps in and sets her seal upon certain expressions, while she tabooes others; and yet if we attempt to analyze, define or examine the phrases and expressions or modes of speech upon which the fickle goddess so determinately places her foot, we find that there is method in her madness, and that the phrases thus objected to are in reality inelegancies of diction and vulgarisms of speech.

Exclamatory phrases to denote astonishment are a large family, and a very ill-bred one. "Good gracious!" "Oh, Lor'!" "Good Heavens!" "Oh, my!" "Well, I never!" "Did you ever!" "Dear me!" and so on, are vulgarisms to care polite. It may be objected that these expressions are not made use of by persons who desire, or perhaps care, to take rank in good society; but in point of fact many who lay claim to this distinction, constantly indulge in each and every vulgarism here mentioned, and many others equally provocative of criticism.

There are several descriptions of small talk current in society. One delights in the gossipy, another in the matter-of-fact, a third in the humorous, a fourth in the imaginative, and so on; but conversation that takes place between persons who have been but just introduced, and who have not yet discovered whether any common bond of union exists between them or not, is naturally confined to trivialities.

The great trouble with many is the choice of a subject wherewith to set the ball rolling; and those who have not a ready flow of small talk at command should bear in mind that self is a pleasant topic to most men and women, and to express an interest in all that concerns another, whether it be pursuits, engagements, occupations, or opinions, is a safe and pleasant conversational ground to tread.

The art of making agreeable small talk in a great measure consists in choosing a subject likely to prove congenial. The surest way to arrive at this is to consider the social position, occupation and proclivities of the person with whom one intends opening a conversation.

When small talk has once been launched or started, a novice in the art of carrying on a conversation should beware of shunting it into a siding, or driving it into a corner from whence it is impossible to extricate it. This catastrophe is often occasioned by an abrupt remark, or by an uncomplimentary silence when a word of assent was required to give a monologue the complexion of a dialogue, whereas a "Really," or an "Indeed," uttered in various keys at various points, gives that fillip without which a one-sided conversation must invariably fall flat or expire from sheer inanition.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SAN FRANCISCO has a bureau for exchanging bric-a-brac. When housewives get tired of the ornaments in their parlors they swap them off with other housewives, and thus get a change without increasing the original investment.

—

THAT custom of having seats and tables outside of shops in Paris is a large source of revenue to the city, as the cafes pay for the privilege. Here we have the sidewalks obstructed in various ways without a cent's benefit to the taxpayers.

—

A RESIDENT of Brockton, Mass., read in his Sunday morning newspaper a prediction of a rainstorm before night. Part of his roof had been removed for repairs, and he immediately set about replacing it. An attempt was made to punish him under the old blue law against Sabbath breaking. But the judge decided that his work was of necessity, and discharged him.

—

INFLUENCED by the important results which have followed the examination of railway officials as regards their perception of color, some German savants now propose to subject them to tests that will develop their capacity for hearing. It is believed that many railway casualties happen on account of the deafness of the employes—especially the engine-drivers.

—

AN English journal suggests that somebody can make a fortune by collecting cigar stumps in London and selling them to gardeners and florists for the fumigation of greenhouses, the industry having been pursued for a considerable time in France to great profit. These unfragrant relics are collected on this side of the Atlantic that they may be rehabilitated into cigarettes, cheap cigars, and smoking-tobacco; and it is cheering to learn that they are anywhere made to do a cleanly and useful work.

—

THE Chinese Minister at Washington appears at official receptions in a garment of plum-colored satin with collar of blue velvet worn over a robe of white silk brocaded with circles and dragons, and the black satin cap always worn indoors. He keeps his hands hidden in the folds of his great sleeves, and surveys the crowd through his spectacles with an impassive dignity.

—

MUTUAL relief societies prosper well in France, and are large in number. Their present number is no fewer than 6,525, of which 1,916 are authorized by the Government, and 4,165 have been otherwise approved. The membership is more than a million, and the women members alone number upwards of 100,000. The total capital exceeds $4,000,000. A congress of all the societies is proposed.

—

THE curious enterprise is being conducted in New Jersey of grinding up worn-out India-rubber overshoes to make what is called "stock." This material is brought to the big cities in barrels, and is pressed by the manufacturers into new India-rubber goods. A thin coating of fresh rubber varnish makes them look quite equal to articles of the best quality, but they are said to have an outrageous lack of durability.

—

AMERICAN women can stand a good deal of menial and bodily exertion without showing wear till after fifty, if they take seven to eight hours' sleep, dress warmly, and live in warm houses, eat three good meals a day and live in the sun, besides keeping the air of their room moist. It is the sunless, dry, stale air women live in three-fourths of their days which withers and wrinkles them more than the rapidity of the pace they live at.

—

THE new material known as leatherette is being brought into use in numerous mechanical and ornamental applications. It is so perfect an imitation of leather that people are utterly unaware that they are handling something other than leather itself, and its serviceable nature renders the detection still more difficult. For all uses to which it has been applied, the article is said to have proved nearly, if not quite, equal in serviceableness to natural leather

—

THE Overseers of Harvard College have voted 18 to 12 that it is not advisable to give any encouragement that the University will undertake the medical education of women, in its medical school. The minority is so strong, and so surely in a line with the general tendency of things, that it is only a question of time, this opening of the doors of the medical school to women. The faculty of the Medical School are almost unanimously opposed to the measure, though the President of the University approves it.

—

A BRITISH medical journal says: "Nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as a population comes to live on the flesh of the warm-blooded animals. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a peculiarly active organism, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen. In practice we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food, and as a consequence he cannot or does not take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of this mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious classes are liable."

—

MONDAYS the President reserves to himself, when he is at home to Chester A. Arthur, and nobody else, except by invitation. Saturday is the day most convenient for members of Congress to interview the Executive; Tuesday and Friday are Cabinet days; on Tuesday night the President holds a levee; Wednesday and Thursday, with Saturday, are days for the general public at the White House. Between the hours of 12 and 1 the visitors to Washington who always want to pay their respects to the President, and regard it as one of the chief events of a trip to the Capital to be allowed to make a brief excursion into the apartments of the Executive, take him for an instant by the hand, and glance into his face, are shown in and go through that queer and solemn ceremony. The afternoon is usually consumed in receiving callers with whom a special appointment has been made—Senators, Judges, prominent public men, etc., who have matters of special importance to talk about. President Arthur remains in his office until 4 or 5 o'clock.

—

AT Hurworth, in England, they have what they call a "mental culture class" for the village people, and the effect produced appears to be very elevating. At a meeting the other day, a member of the class—a coachman—informed the chairman that he thought the use of "high grammar" should be encouraged. The chairman, not unnaturally, asked him what he meant by "high grammar." He replied, after thinking a little, "Well, supposing I said 'I walked up Hurworth,' that would be low grammar; but if I said 'I promenaded up Hurworth,' that would be high grammar." We have not heard whether any steps have been taken towards carrying out this aspiring coachman's suggestion.

—

WHEN Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, was in America, he seems to have had some curious advice given to him about traveling on the Mississippi steamboats. "Never pay your fare until you are compelled to," was the first piece of wisdom thrown at him. "And, pray, why not?" he asked. "Because your chances are better in case of trouble." "Will you kindly explain yourself, sir," said Lyell. "Well," answered the American, "when I was traveling up the river last March, somebody cried out, 'Passenger overboard!' The captain hurried to the office and asked, 'Has the man overboard paid his fare?' On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the pilot and said, 'Go ahead; it's all right.'"

—

IN gardens poisonous plants are few in number, and of no great value for decorative purposes. A very large proportion of the flowers that are in highest repute for beauty, such as the rose, dahlia, pelargonium, begonia, wall-flower, stock, carnation, and primula, are altogether harmless, although for the most part of no value whatever as articles of food. But as there are so many decorative plants that will not injure, even if eaten, it is easy to exclude from the garden a certain few that are noxious, and that have sometimes been associated with sad fatalities. The rooting out of the great blue aconite or monkshood, the root of which contains a virulent poison, and has yet been many times served on the table as horse-radish, is recommended.

—

PROFESSOR TYNDALL makes public today the results of experiments made by Dr. Koch, of Berlin, on tubercular disease. It was known before that the disease was communicable, but Koch has ascertained the exact nature of the parasite thus produced. Matter expectorated from the lungs of consumptive persons has been found to be swarming with parasites which are highly infective. Tyndall's object is to protest afresh against legislation which prohibits in England experiments such as enabled Koch to make these discoveries, but it is hoped that Koch will develop a harmless form of the tubercular parasite which by inoculation may prevent consumption and thus check a scourge which, according to Koch's calculation, carries off one seventh of the human race.

—

"A RECENT painful case of death caused by hypodermic injection of morphia," says the London *Lancet*, "directs attention afresh to the dangers of reporting to this most perilous mode of administering drugs designed to relieve pain. The public should be warned against the practice of employing remedies hypodermically. So formidable a 'remedy' should on no account be used except under medical advice, and when deemed necessary, it ought to be given by practitioners. We have repeatedly urged the profession to discountenance the recourse to the injections under the skin, which is becoming general. It is a practice of extreme hazard, and we are of the opinion that surgical instrument makers should refuse to sell the requisite apparatus to lay persons, and that medical men should forbid their use."

HE CAME TOO LATE!

BY ELIZABETH BOGART.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
  Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
  And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
  Which lingered on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
  Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late!—At once he felt
  That all his power was o'er!
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
  She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
  Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him and her words were gay,
  No spell had memory.

He came too late!—The subtle chords
  Of love were all unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
  But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
  That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,
  And coldly turned away.

He came too late!—Her countless dreams
  Of hope had long since flown;
No charm dwelt in his chosen themes,
  Nor in his whispered tone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried,
  Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
  And spurned his fickle love.

My Uncle's Coat.

BY C. H. C.

MY uncle, a tailor by trade, had carried on business in partnership with another, who, having been entrusted with the duties of cashier, took advantage of his opportunities to possess himself of everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of money, or whatever was capable of being turned into money, and then quietly disappeared from the scene forever.

By the sale of some houses, which his absconding partner was unable to carry away in his carpet-bag, my uncle was enabled to pay his creditors in full, and then he retired from business, with a few hundred at his disposal.

What he did with his money, nobody knew; but he would never invest it, however great the interest and security which were offered him.

"No, no," he would say; "the little that's left me I wish to have the benefit of, and certainly don't mean to place it within reach of the greedy claws of any managing director! As it is, it will only keep me out of the workhouse a few years."

My uncle now became exceedingly penurious in his habits, and denied himself many of the common necessities of life.

In his more prosperous days he had been rather a fine man, accustomed to live well and to dress well.

The change from what he had been to what he was was very striking.

He went about in an old rusty suit of black, which—a world too wide for a form which was rapidly losing flesh—exhibited all the distinguished marks of the most abject poverty.

His aldermanic corporation had entirely disappeared, and there seemed to be an utter collapse of his former self into the shape and substance of an animated skeleton.

He was fond of studying a little book, entitled, "How to Live on Sixpence a Day;" and it is probable that he approached as nearly to the ideal of that author in the matter of expenditure for food as any man living.

At any rate, my uncle was determined, if possible, to keep out of the workhouse, and to escape the clutches of those brutal officials, whose want of humanity has become proverbial.

In the beginning of December, 1865, my uncle, whose name was Solomon Sipwater, lodged in the house of a Mrs. Grogblossom, in the Town Road.

Now, good Mrs. Grogblossom had lately presented her little bill for rent and sundries, which Mr. Sipwater had been punctual in paying on previous occasions; but on this, there had been a delay, which was not at all to the satisfaction of his excellent landlady, whose suspicions, moreover, had been excited by the growing parsimony of her lodger, who had never been to her a very profitable one, and who, being a silent and reserved man, had not offered any reassuring explanations.

On the whole, therefore, she deemed it advisable to get rid of him, and determined to show, in an unmistakable manner, the sense she entertained of his unbusiness-like conduct.

Accordingly, one fine morning, as soon as Mr. Sipwater had gone out for the day, Mrs. Grogblossom gave strict orders to her servant, Sally Slipshod, to leave his bedroom in precisely the same condition as that in which she found it—that is to say, with the bed unmade, and all those things left undone which ought to be done, in order that a chamber which has been slept in may be fit to sleep in again.

So that when my uncle returned to his room in the evening, he beheld a scene which it is no exaggeration to describe as the abomination of desolation.

My uncle now having his change, he was able to show his landlady a firm front.

He quietly packed his portmanteau (which easily contained all his belongings), and then rang the bell with no gentle hand. No notice being taken by the authorities below, he rang again, furiously.

This was exactly what Mrs. Grogblossom wanted.

She put down the glass of rum and water in which she had been indulging, and hastened to the attack.

"What do yer mean, Mr. Sipwater, by this outragious behavior in the 'ouse of a respectable married woman? And when are yer going to pay my little bill? Them as can't pay their bills hadn't ought to give theirselves hairs. My word! I only wish Grogblossom was at home. He'd soon show yer. And now, sir, there's my account, and I'll thank you to settle it. If you can't pay for what you have, you had better go to the workhouse. We can't afford to keep paupers ourselves; and if we could, we wouldn't so that's straight!"

Mrs. Grogblossom being now out of breath, paused for a reply, fully expecting that Mr. Sipwater would confess his inability to pay.

But she was mistaken.

My uncle, although very angry, disdained to enter upon a war of words with a virago who could have held her own with a Billingsgate fishwoman.

He therefore paid the bill, and requested that a cab might be sent for.

The production of the money completely changed the situation.

Mrs. Grogblossom intimated, in a more gracious manner, that if my uncle liked he might stay another week, but she was informed that he would not stay another hour.

A cab was called, my uncle got into it, was driven to a coffee-house which he occasionally patronized on account of the moderation of its charges.

Here he secured a bed for the night, but it would have been better if he had been contented with the key of the street.

Damp sheets, and a vigorous and well-sustained attack on the part of the aborigines, rendered sleep impossible; and when morning dawned, my uncle felt very ill.

These were the circumstances which led to his becoming an inmate of my house.

The fact is that, for some time past, the conviction had been growing upon him that, to use a common phrase, he was "going home;" and his thoughts turned to me, as the only one of all his relatives at all likely to take care of him in his last days.

The scene with Mrs. Grogblossom, and the cold which he had caught from sleeping at a coffee-house, determined him to seek me out, and, if possible, to make an arrangement for taking up his abode with me.

At this period I occupied in the Circumlocution Office a subordinate position which yielded me a salary scarcely large enough to keep soul and body together, although I was doing precisely the same kind of work as men who were in receipt of three or four times as much.

I was living with my wife and children in a little house at Greenwich, which was called Woodbine Cottage, when, one evening in December, 1865, as we were seated together at the tea-table, there was a knock at the door, on opening which I beheld a feeble-looking old man, bent nearly double with the cold, who proved to be no other than my uncle, Solomon Sipwater.

I led him in to the fire, and made him drink some hot tea, and after he had thawed a little, he disclosed the object of his visit.

He described the scene with Mrs. Grogblossom and his sufferings at the coffee-house, and finished by asking us if we could let him have a small bedroom in our house, for which, he said he would not be able to pay very much, but at the same time he would undertake not to give much trouble.

Now, my wife was one of the kindest and most self-sacrificing women in the world; and, as she told me afterwards, she perceived that my poor old uncle was in a very bad way, and she had not the heart to cast him adrift on the cold charity of strangers.

So we agreed to receive him, and had a room at once prepared for him.

As soon as it was ready he went to bed, and did not leave it until he was carried out in his coffin.

His illness lasted several weeks, and my wife nursed him with the devoted attention and assiduity of a daughter.

His constitution was rapidly breaking up, and the doctor who was called in declared from the first that there was little probability of his recovering.

One evening, a few days before the old man's death, she came down into the parlor, and said to me—

"Christopher, what do you think your uncle has been saying?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"He has just made me a present of his old coat, and told me that, when he is gone, the lining will make excellent warm clothing for the children."

Now, of all the shabby, dingy, poverty-stricken old coats to be seen within a circuit of twelve miles from the General Post Office, my uncle's was one of the most disreputable-looking; and the notion that the lining would form suitable material for clothes for the children (although they were greatly in need of winter clothing, poor little things!) was so ludicrous that neither of us could refrain from laughing.

"Poor old fellow!" I said. "Is he any better?"

"He is worse," replied my wife. "I do not think he can last much longer."

He did not last much longer, for three days afterwards he died.

A few weeks after my uncle's funeral, when the room which he had occupied was being cleaned and put to rights, my wife had the curiosity to examine the old coat which he had given her, and, picking it to pieces, took the trouble to ascertain if it was really possible to turn it to any account.

As soon as the lining was separated from the cloth, she discovered a number of small pieces of thin paper, neatly folded and stitched to the inside of the lining.

And what was her astonishment when she found that each of these was a twenty dollar note!

And, as there was over one hundred of them, my uncle's gift amounted to a sum of not much less than twenty-five hundred dollars.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this was more than sufficient to provide each member of the family with a very comfortable outfit, and that a balance was left which proved very useful to one who had been dependent for many years past on the liberality of the Circumlocution Office.

So that, after all, my children were supplied with warm winter clothing out of the lining of my uncle's coat.

One Flirtation.

BY PERCY VERE.

LADIES and gentlemen, I regret to say that we shall be detained here some time. There has been an accident on the line beyond, and we cannot get through until towards evening."

There was no help for it, and the grumbling passengers got out of the cars with various expressions of annoyance.

"Oh, Mollie, what shall we do here this afternoon?"

"My dear Nina, we'll have some good fun! We're in a strange place, with nobody to play propriety, and we'll make this day long to be remembered. I'm going to get up a flirtation with somebody, and you must do the same. We can have rare fun if you only will."

Nina does not fall in with this plan very heartily, but proposes to go to the hotel for dinner, and they start immediately.

Mollie is small, fair, bewitching; Nina tall, dark, and rather stately looking—just opposite in appearance and disposition, yet the best of friends.

"There's a large park in this place, for I've heard Cousin Will speak of it," Nina remarks to Mollie, who is before the mirror preparing for the afternoon campaign. "Suppose we walk out and find it?"

"Just the thing," assented Mollie. "We'll have fun there if anywhere."

They have no difficulty in finding the park, and a very pretty place it is.

They find a rustic seat, and sit down "to await the coming man," as Mollie expressed it.

"Oh, here come two of the nobbiest fellows!" she whispered presently. "Now, Nina, you must do just as I do."

"Mollie, please be careful! Remember ——"

But they are very near now, and audacious Mollie smiles and slightly bows.

Both gentlemen lift their hats, pass on a few steps, and turn back.

"Mollie, don't be reckless!"

"Nina, don't be prudish!"

Foolish Nina hates to be called prudish; besides, she is catching the infection, and when the gentlemen pause on their return she sustains her part very well for an amateur.

It is only for once, and no one will ever know of it, she reasons.

A little distance back of them Nina notices a gentleman reclining on a rustic bench.

His face attracts her; a strong, handsome face, with piercing black eyes that might look tender if their owner so willed, Nina imagined.

He must have seen the whole performance, and there is a half-smile of contempt on the firm set lips which Nina observes.

"Mollie," she finds a chance to whisper aside, "let's get away from these men; we have carried it far enough. Do you see that gentleman over there who is watching us?"

"Pooh! he is only wishing he had the same opportunity!" and Mollie goes on with the "fun."

Finally the two gallants propose to go for refreshments at the restaurant near, and even Mollie hesitates.

"I think we must return to the hotel now," Nina says, quietly.

She has learned from their conversation that they are not the sort of company she would like to appear in, and she determined to take the matter in her own hands.

They insist on accompanying them to the hotel, and Nina, growing more disquieted every moment, has not the courage to peremptorily dismiss them.

As they leave the park, Nina cannot forbear glancing at the handsome gentleman behind them, and she instinctively feels that he despises them all.

A year later, Nina Black is at a certain hotel, with a party of friends, Mollie Gordon not being one of the number.

Nina is at a window, observing the new arrivals.

Suddenly she starts.

Surely there is the face, which having once seen, she had never forgotten!

It is the gentleman who witnessed that foolish flirtation at Newton.

The same piercing eyes, the same firm-set mouth, but the contemptuous smile is gone.

Will he recognize her, she wonders? She fervently hopes not, for she is heartily ashamed of her conduct on that occasion.

She dresses herself with unusual care that evening, and smiles triumphantly as she takes a parting glance in the mirror; the reflection of the tall, willowy form, in pale pink draperies, is evidently satisfactory.

She meets Mr. Philip Cameron, and is introduced a few moments after entering the drawing-room.

Nina almost loses her self-possession as the black eyes rest on her so keenly; but evidently he does not recognize her, and in a few moments they are chattering in a very friendly manner.

"Shall we waltz?" he asks, as the music strikes up.

And they are soon gliding through the lighted rooms.

They stroll out in the grounds after the waltz is over.

"Your face seems very familiar to me," he says musingly, looking down into her dark, expressive eyes as they stand in the moonlight.

"Can it be possible we have ever met before to-night?"

She laughs lightly, perhaps a little guiltily, for she remembers it all so well.

"Once having observed a face I never forget it," he goes on, without waiting for a reply.

"For instance, I met a gentleman in a restaurant a few weeks ago who impressed me as someone whom I had seen before, but I could not determine when or where. This morning I suddenly remembered that he was in a train with me two years ago and occupied a seat opposite."

"You would make a good detective," she says, feeling that it is only a question of time when he will remember that unfortunate afternoon.

"Why should I care?" she thinks, impatiently.

"It is no more than hundreds of girls do every day; and think nothing of it."

But she does care, nevertheless. It is the skeleton at the feast of good things which follows. Picnics, drives, walks, with dancing in the evening to bewildering music.

Nina enjoys it all so thoroughly, with Philip Cameron constantly at her side.

A sultry morning, and Nina is lounging in one of the little summer-houses that dot the lawn.

Two gentlemen came up and took possession of a rustic bench outside; the ivy forms a complete screen, and Nina is not aware of their proximity until the sound of voices warns her of it.

They are evidently discussing some lady, for one of them is saying—

"I met her first on one of the boats going to the seashore.

"She bowed to me as a means of getting up a flirtation, and I of course responded.

"We were together all the afternoon, and I have called on her several times since. She ——"

"There, Joe, I have heard enough."

Nina starts at the sound of the well-known voice, and rises to leave the summer-house, but the next sentence transfixed her.

"Any woman who will deliberately attract the attention of a stranger—'get up a flirtation,' as you express it—in so public a place as an excursion boat, is unworthy the name of woman."

"Now, Cameron, you always did have some strait-laced notions, and this is one of them. Why, my dear fellow, they all do it."

"Not all," objects Philip.

"I am well aware that a great many do, but I contend that no woman can engage in this sort of thing without lowering her womanhood and rendering herself less respected even by the man who responds to her advances. I tell you, Latimer, I have seen too much of this thing: why, every schoolgirl one meets will ogle and smile if one happens to look at her."

"My prophetic soul tells me you will marry an incorrigible flirt," Joe says, not having any opposing argument to advance.

"Never! I despise them too heartily," he said.

Nina, listening to every word, feels that she can bear it no longer, and succeeds in leaving without attracting their attention.

White and shivering she reaches her own room.

So this is Philip Cameron's opinion of a woman who does what she has done!

All day she broods over his cutting words, and when evening comes her mind is made up.

She will avoid him as much as possible, but if the worst comes, and he asks her to be his wife, she will refuse.

That dream of bliss is over for ever.

Nina is rather hard on herself, and too generous to throw the blame, where it really belongs, on saucy Mollie.

The days go by, and Philip is puzzled and not a little troubled in the change in Nina Black.

He is not conscious of any fault on his part, and tries in vain to dispel the cloud that has risen between them.

They go out walking one evening to view the sunset from a high point near.

Nina feels that she is treading on forbidden ground.

She has conscientiously avoided being alone with him, but to-night the temptation is too strong.

They witness a brilliant sunset, and Nina grows enthusiastic.

"This is a beautiful world," Philip says, as they watch together the western sky all flushed into sudden glory.

"Yes," Nina replies, dreamily. "Perhaps it is to some, while others find only the faded grey tints. See, the red and gold are fading even now; the beauty in our lives, like the beauty in yonder sky, is but for an hour, and then comes——"

She stops abruptly, warned by the expression of his face.

He lays his hand tenderly on hers as he says—

"And then comes the silvery tint of quiet happiness, which is far better than the transient splendor of excitement."

No answer.

Nina does not feel equal to talking sentiment.

ment with Philip Cameron to-night; but he goes on eagerly—

"Nina, you know I love you! Oh, my darling, I will strive to make your life perfectly happy! Nina, my love, answer me one word!"

She covers her face with her hands to shut out the vision of his pleading eyes.

Oh, if she had then the courage to tell him all!

But she still remembered his sweeping assertion of contempt, and her courage fails.

He seizes her hands almost roughly.

"Nina, I believe you love me! Will you not be my wife?"

"Philip, it can never be!"

He rises quickly, but a glance at her white, pained face restrains him.

Again he pleads for one word of love; Nina becomes desperate. She rises and faces him.

"Philip Cameron, when we met here a few weeks ago you told me my face looked familiar, and that we must have met before.

"We have not before.

"It was a little more than a year ago, in the public park at Newton. Do you not remember two foolish girls who flirted with two equally foolish young men?"

He had risen again, and she knows by the expression of his face that he remembers all.

"Nina——"

She stops him with a gesture.

"I have another confession to make. A week ago I was in the little summer-house near the drive, and overheard part of your conversation with Mr. Latimer. I learned then what I already suspected, that you despise any woman who would lower herself to do what I have done, and that is why I cannot be your wife."

For a moment they stand facing each other without a word.

Philip Cameron is greatly surprised. He has studied Nina all these weeks, and he has exalted her above all women.

He had thought her the exponent of pure womanliness, and would have sworn that she was incapable of the boldness to which she confesses.

He is silent so long that she tries to leave him.

"Nina," he cries out, "I can forgive you anything; only tell me that you are not in the habit of doing this thing. I remember thinking that the blonde young lady was the leader. Was it not so?"

But Nina does not utter a word in self-defence.

"Tell me, have you engaged in that kind of flirtation since?"

"Mr. Cameron, you have no right to question me thus."

"I have a right, for you are to be my wife!"

And before Nina can remonstrate, Philip's arms are about her, and she has to acknowledge herself vanquished.

Her First.

BY BERTIE HAYLE.

LITTLE Letty Longwood, old Mr. Barrow's grand-daughter, just eighteen that day, had tripped into her grandfather's office with a message from her mother, and tripped out again.

She had met her Aunt Cynthia there, and was going home to tell her mother that Aunt Cynthia would be round to tea, when she ran against an elderly gentleman, who bowed and apologized, and stood looking after her as she went upon her way.

It was Mr. Stryker, old Mr. Barrow's best client; and in that instant, Cupid, perched probably on the window-ledge of the law office, took aim and hit him in the heart.

A few minutes after this, Jack Sprat, Mr. Barrow's office boy, came whistling back from dinner.

He found Mr. Stryker standing like a sentinel near his employer's door.

"Jack," said Mr. Stryker, "I haven't given you anything for your trouble for a long time, and you've been very obliging. There's half a crown."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack.

"Who was that young lady in Mr. Barrow's office just now?" asked Mr. Stryker. "A very pleasing looking young lady."

"Oh," said Jack, "that was Miss Cynthia. I left her there. Mr. Barrow's daughter, sir."

"Oh, very likely! She's very nice, isn't she, Jack?"

"Very," said Jack. "She gave me a big plum cake she made herself at Christmas; and they say she's a wonderful housekeeper. The only one that isn't married, and is at home, you know."

"Naturally," said Mr. Stryker, "the child of Mr. Barrow's old age?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, agreeing to everything.

"Thank you, Jack. You won't mention I asked?" said Mr. Stryker.

"No, sir," said Jack; and made his bow and went his way.

"Lovely creature," said Mr. Stryker; "and domestic, too!"

* * * * * * * *

"I never had a valentine in my life," said Cynthia Barrow, leaning up against the wall of the sitting-room, and looking sidewise through the curtains at the postman as he ran across the street with his last bundle of letters for that day.

"I suppose I was too homely; but I don't know. There was Sarah Spicer, she was always terribly long-featured and yellow, and she always got lots of them. And there was Mary Ann Moneypenny. She got her offer in one of them; and she was the only woman I ever saw that nothing became. Oh, pshaw! I don't believe it is good looks; it's a kind of way. I don't know that I want to have it, either. Well, he'll get a letter for me. I should say, or a bill."

And Miss Barrow threw up the window of the house, and took the letter from the postman's hand.

"Glad you've almost finished, I presume?" said she.

"I should say I am," replied the postman, laconically, as he departed.

Cynthia Barrow drew the curtains and sat down before her cheerful fire.

The lamp was already lighted, and tea waiting for "pa's" appearance, which would be just five minutes after the six o'clock train stopped at the station, if nothing unusual occurred.

"Who can it be from?" asked Miss Cynthia.

"Jane wrote last week, and Maria's last baby was quite well yesterday. Cousin Ann won't write until she gets one from me. And it can't be——"

Here it occurred to Miss Cynthia that opening the letter would be the best solution of the mystery.

She took her penknife from her pocket, cut one side of the envelope, and gave a little shriek of surprise, for it had come at last, the valentine for which she had waited thirty-six years.

"Well, I declare!" said Cynthia Barrow, and sat quite still for a moment. "Pa has sent it for fun," said she.

But, on consideration, that was not like 'pa. She spread the sheet open on the table and looked at it critically. An enamelled Cupid, with purple wings, presented a white rose to a lovely maiden in cream-color, amid clouds of delicate tint. Below were verses in gilt letters, and there was a wonderful border.

It was a costly thing of its kind. And here was a note enclosed in the envelope. Cynthia read it at once. It ran:

"My Dear Miss Barrow,—

"You never saw me, but I have seen you. It was at your last visit to your father's office. You remember it was about a week ago."

"So it was," said Cynthia.

"I am not a young gentleman, but I have a heart, and I have lost it to you. I am coming up to tea with your father to-night. I've invited myself. If you think well of my proposition put sugar in my tea, if not leave it out.

"Yours ever in any case,

"James Jackson."

"What an eccentric man!" cried Miss Cynthia.

And she would have been less than woman if she had not flown to her room to change her brown alpaca for a black silk, and put a crimson bow in her hair.

She was not an ugly woman, only quaint, and rather too dark; and she looked best when most dressed, as all but beauties do; and there was 'pa at the door, and somebody with him.

Miss Cynthia sat down in her chair, and the color flew to her cheeks.

"Cynthia," said her father's voice, and she arose, and hardly dared to look up—"Cynthia, this is Mr. Stryker, I've brought him up to take tea with us," said the old gentleman.

"This is the only girl I have left at home, Stryker."

The lady and gentleman bowed.

"Hang Jack for a fool!" said Mr. Stryker, to himself. "And I'm another! It was somebody else."

"He's rather old," thought Cynthia; "but I like his looks."

Then all sat down in some confusion, to which the old gentleman greatly added by spying on the table the luckless, forgotten valentine, and crying out—

"Got a valentine, eh, Cynthy?"

"I've made this young lady believe that I've fallen in love with her," sighed Mr. Stryker to himself. "A pretty rascal I am, to be sure!"

And he sat in silence.

"How modest he is, poor man!" thought Cynthia.

"She has an amiable look," thought Mr. Stryker.

"After all, how much more suitable she is for me than that young girl. About the proper age, really."

Cynthia was twenty-five years his junior; but men will be men.

"He's a great deal older than I; but, then, how young his heart must be to fall in love like that?" said Cynthia.

Tea was ready.

The chairs was drawn up to the table. Cynthia sat at the tray.

"Letty is coming out to-morrow," said the old gentleman.

"My grand-daughter. You must have seen her running in and out of my office. She's buying her wedding-dress. Going to be married soon," added Mr. Barrow.

"She's only eighteen. Going to marry Rhodes. You know young Rhodes in Parker's office. He'll get on. That's the first married grandchild. I feel quite old when I think of it."

"Married, oh, well, I suppose married life is the happiest," said the old bachelor.

In his heart he was thinking what a goose he was.

"Your tea, 'pa," said Cynthia.

"Why, help Mr. Stryker first, Cynthia," said the old man.

"I've put sugar in this, 'pa," said Cynthia.

Mr. Stryker looked at her. She looked at him.

"Please put sugar in mine, Miss Cynthia," he said.

She did.

* * * * * *

"To think, 'ma," cried Letty to her mother, one day, "to think of Aunt Cynthia being engaged! I thought she was going to be an old maid. If only he was a little younger! He is almost as old as grandpa."

"Cynthia won't leave home, though," said the mother.

"Pa will be as comfortable as ever, and Mr. Stryker is ten years younger than your grandfather, at least."

And so all ended well, and Cynthia keeps her valentine still.

It came very late, she says, but when it came it was very pretty; and as her husband would rather be cut up in small pieces than tell her the truth about it now, she will never know that it was sent to Letty.

My Ghost.

BY C. H. C.

NOW my ghost came not like the average spectre, but in the quietest, most realistic manner possible; not at Christmas, nor on a dark night, when the wind was whistling mournfully round the house, but on a warm summer night, when the moon steeped the whole land in light.

It happened in this way.

It was a farmhouse that my friend Danvers was staying at; a quaint old house, that had in its very aspect a look of comfort and repose.

To me the house was the most delightful thing after the hostess, who was the very perfection of a farmer's wife, the most genial of women. But the house itself was charming, with its low-ceilinged rooms, its deep-stepped stairs, its high-pitched red roof, out of which two windows peeped, and its rose-garden in front, that sweetened all the air.

This still old farmhouse, that had no air of mystery or romance, was perhaps the last place in the world where I should have expected to see a ghost.

Yet, in good truth, here it was I saw one.

My bed-room was one of those whose windows looked out from the red roof; a large airy room, with a low ceiling and a great four-poster bed, sufficiently large to comfortably accommodate the Seven Sleepers, whoever those good people are.

The window was sunk in a deep embrasure of the thick wall; it opened on the old-world rose-garden below. I had slept very comfortably in it during my stay, waked every morning by the chirp of birds, who perched about the casement, and held grave communion with themselves as to the wonder of having blinds drawn across the window against the splendor of the morning sun. The room in which Danvers slept was underneath mine.

I remember my last night very well. We took a long walk, saw the sun go down in a blaze of light that reddened the westward sky; and by and by watched an August moon rise, round and yellow, against a purple background.

I had a very light supper, then a couple of hours' chat, and I went to bed. I remember putting aside the soft white curtains, opening the window, and standing a long time there, looking at the clear white light resting on the roses thinking how beautiful they looked; thinking, too, that I would remember the scene oftentimes when I was back in town, and had only the roofs and the chimney-pots and cisterns and the cats to see.

Then I put out my candle, and in the softest of feather beds sank down, down to forgetfulness and sleep.

I cannot say what o'clock it was when I awoke suddenly, with the feeling and impression that some one was bending over me; awoke, not sense by sense, as one does in the morning or usually, but in an instant, and with immediate consciousness; at the same time a cold shiver ran through me from head to foot.

I raised myself on my elbow.

There was no one visible.

The house was silent, almost as a grave; only the ticking of the old clock in the lobby broke the utter stillness.

I had not drawn back the curtain, and the moonlight came, pale and clear into the room.

It had now a ghastly look.

What had happened?

I had not been dreaming, yet I had a distinct feeling that a presence had stooped over me.

The night was warm, and yet coldness had come quickly over me, for which I could not account.

I lay back again, but I could not sleep. The clock below struck one, and left a deep bass echo ringing on the still air.

The moon shone in the room. I was conscious just then that something had moved, though no sound had been made.

I strained all my senses. I turned my eyes to the far end of the room, and there, in the shadow, was a form, moving slowly but steadily, along by the wall, coming nearer and nearer to the window every instant.

I was not dreaming.

I leant up on my elbow and looked round.

I saw the bath almost in the centre of the room; I saw my clothes lying upon a chair; I saw that the door was closed. Though I looked at these one after the other, yet I never seemed to lose sight of the figure that glided rather than walked.

A great horror filled me!

Now it came close to the window; in another instant the moonlight fell upon its, perhaps I should say his face. I saw every feature distinctly.

I shall never forget the impression I then received.

The figure and face were those of a man about twenty-five years old. To my knowledge I had never seen him before. His face had rather a sad expression; his face, eyes, and hair were dark.

The only other young man staying in the house besides myself was Danvers, and he was smaller and younger than the man now before me; moreover, my friend's hair and complexion are light.

It was a terrible moment for me. He stood at the window looking down into the garden, just as I had done some hours before; his expression was calm. Once he put out his hand; I saw the light shining through it, as if it were transparent.

Then he turned round and looked about the room, as if the place were familiar to him.

To my intense relief, he did not appear to see that I was there.

I had turned very cold; a nameless feeling, for which fear is a bad expression, had taken hold of me; perspiration came upon my forehead.

Noiselessly he approached and stood at the foot of the bed, and laid his hand upon it; then, even as I looked, he vanish-ed before my eyes.

In an instant I felt as if a great weight had been taken from me; all my fear of something weird and unearthly vanished. I got up out of bed, and, for the mere purpose of satisfying myself, examined the room.

The result was as I anticipated, I found nothing. I went to bed and slept until morning.

How delightful it was to see the sun shining in once more!

How reassuring to know the world was once more awake!

I looked round the room; everything was just as I had left it the previous night, just as I had seen it when that pale visitor from another world stood at the foot of my bed.

For a moment I did not imagine it to have been a dream, the impression it had left on me was too real for that.

Then I could remember the face as the moment I had first seen it, as distinctly as I do now.

I remember, after breakfast that day, I stood talking at the window. I was to start in an hour's time. My friend had not gone back to his books; the breakfast things had been removed.

"It seems so hard to leave the country," I said; "but stern necessity must be obeyed."

The garden was looking more charming than ever.

I turned from the window, and walked up and down the room listlessly.

On a side-table I came upon an album, which I had not noticed in the room before. At that instant our genial hostess came in.

"May I look at your photographs?" I asked.

"Certainly."

I opened the book. Almost the first face I saw was that of my ghostly visitor of the previous night.

I could not help starting: the whole scene of which I had never spoken a word, came back upon me.

"Who is that?" I asked, pointing to the photograph.

"Oh, that," said my hostess, "is Mr. Bantree. He stayed here last year. He said he would come this year, but he died suddenly early in the spring, so he could not keep his word."

I could not speak just then. I closed the book.

"What room did he sleep in?" I asked presently.

"Mine," said my friend, who had heard of him before.

"No," said my hostess.

"Mine?" I asked.

"Yes."

I had no doubt of it from the first. But why and how did he come?

My friends, there are mysteries in life and death which no man may read on this side of the Styx.

I was not sorry that I was not to sleep in that bedroom that night, though I should not mind doing so to-night.

When Danvers and I were walking to the little station on this glorious morning in August, I said to him quietly—

"Have you ever slept in my room?"

"No. Why?"

I answered him in one word;

"Don't!"

The Stringy-Bark.—A curious tree is one botanically known as the *eucalypsus*, but which, among bushmen, is universally called, according to its species, the stringy-bark. Though usually styled a gum-tree, it abounds, as do most Australian trees, with that viscid substance. In cutting through a log with a cross-cut saw, the implement will sometimes stick fast, having struck upon a gum-vein; and the thick, clinging fluid, red as blood, will set forth. But the chief peculiarity of the stringy-bark lies, as its name implies, in the bark. Supposing a party of shepherds or diggers had been traveling all day under a pelting rain, how are they, when camping out time arrives, to light a fire wherewith to cook their meat, boil their water for their tea, and dry their clothes? Every stick in the bush is dripping wet. Here the stringy-bark becomes a wonderful benefactor, because underneath his outer waterproof his soft, brown inside coat is always as dry as a bone. A handful of this substance being pulled out, takes fire in a moment; some more handfuls are then added, then a few damp sticks are persuaded to commence smouldering, then some bigger sticks are added, till at last the wayfarers bid defiance to the drenching storm by means of a Brobdingnagian blaze, big enough for half a dozen baronial halls in the olden times.

THE ARAB HORSE.

THE Bedouins greatly delight in telling stories after supper. Here is one which an Emir related which shows the strong attachment which they bear to their horses, and the pride which they take in them. A man of the Emir tribe, named Ghabal had a horse which was very celebrated. Hassad Pacha, then vizier of Damascus, had often made him large offers for her in vain, for a Bedouin loves his horse as his wife. The Pacha tried menaces, but they had no better effect. At last another Bedouin, named Ghrar, asked the Pacha what he would give him if he brought him the mare of Ghabal. "I will fill your barley sack with gold," was the reply. Now Ghabal tied his mare every night to a ring of iron, the chain of which passed into his tent, and was fixed to a stake driven deep into the earth, under the middle of the mats which served him for a bed. At midnight Ghafar entered the tent on tiptoe, and slipping gently between Ghabal and his wife, he pushed softly first the one and then the other; the husband thought it was his wife who pushed him, and the wife thought it was her husband who pushed her, and they both made room. Then Ghafar, with a well-sharpened knife, made a hole in the mats, detached the mare, mounted her, and, taking the lance of Ghabal, pricked him slightly with it, saying: "It is I, Ghafar, who have taken your beautiful mare, and I warn you in time;" so saying, he started off. Ghabal springs from his tent, calls up his horsemen, takes the mare of his brother, and pursues Ghafar for four hours. The mare of the brother of Ghabal was the same blood as his own, but not so good. Getting ahead of all the other horsemen, he was on the point of overtaking Ghafar, when he called out to him—"Pinch her in the right ear, and give her a kick with the stirrup-iron." Ghafar obeyed the hint, and went off like lightning. All pursuit became then useless, too great a distance separated them. The other Bedouins reproached Ghabal with having been himself the cause of the loss of his mare: "I would rather," replied he, "lose her, than tarnish her reputation. Do you think I would have it said in the tribe of Would Ali, that any other mare could overtake her?"

CUSTOMS AND CASTES.—The Sepoy is a tidy boy. He is decorated with a sash which has on it a gold or silver plate with master's name and address. Every establishment has a tailor or "dirzi," who does all kinds of sewing, mends curtains, and makes any sort of garment, and has even been known to try his hand at millinery. It is customary for ladies to have an "ayah," or ladies' maid. These servants are not all strictly honest, but if, when you give them your keys, you also give them a list of all articles under their care, you may rest assured that they will account for every article. If on the other hand, you give them no list, you need not be at all surprised if various small articles mysteriously disappear.

One of the most confusing things to a stranger on reaching India are the different castes. There are certain duties which belong to each caste, and for one person to step out of his caste or sphere is to commit a grievous sin and bring down reprobation upon his head.

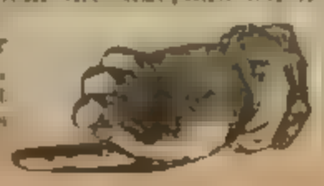
The Thugs believe that they commit murder and other crimes under the countenance and protection of the Supreme Being. The Parsees are the richest and most influential caste.

Villages are kept up by the village system. The inhabitants form a little republic of their own, vesting authority in a head man, who controls affairs. The office of this headsman is often hereditary. The blacksmith, jeweller, artisans, etc., are paid by a tax, which is levied on all after the harvest. The Brahmins are the highest caste in the kingdom. They have on their foreheads three marks in yellow paint, and may thus easily be distinguished from other Hindoos. The next in order is the Thugs, who wear two marks of yellow paint. The lower or working class wear one mark. The gulf which divides these classes or castes is impassable.

If a man has the audacity to marry a pretty Hindoo woman outside of his caste he at once loses rank, is abjured by his friends and companions, and becomes, so far as society is concerned, an outcast.

"NO ADMISSION."—An electric light machine drew many visitors at Louisville, and they intruded upon the workmen in an exasperating way, wholly disregarding the "no admission." By hitching wires to the metal door-knob, and turning on a powerful current, the men secured the desired seclusion, and the intruders were shocked.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it



—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use, and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it and every Housekeeper should *insist* on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.
A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.
A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.
A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.
A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.
Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a light roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for the Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through the soapy blue water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better.* The clothes when dry will not smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE THREE GIFTS.

BY PERCY VERE.

DEEP in the heart of a distant country, very far away, lived a poor young shepherd named Kletch.

But although his lot seemed a wretched one, he had the happiest disposition in the world.

He was good and generous.

One day, as he was tending his flock upon some waste land, an old woman chanced to come along.

As she drew near, Kletch took his hat off most politely. "Good day, mother," said he.

"You are very polite, my lad," replied the old woman in a croaking voice; "give me one of your sheep; you will never repent it if you do."

"Choose for yourself," said the young shepherd, and the old woman did so. Then, before going away:

"By the way," said she, drawing out from under her cloak an enormous umbrella which had evidently been mended over and over again, "here is something in return for your generosity.

"At the proper time and place don't forget to use it, but never promise anything unconditionally."

With that the old woman made off.

Rather surprised at this adventure, the youth was careful to preserve his funny present, and so he took it home, considering very properly that what had been so kindly given should be accepted in the same spirit.

Another day Kletch was pasturing his sheep in a lonely plain when an old woman happened to pass along.

Kletch pulled off his cap as he had done before.

"Will you give me a couple of sheep?" asked the old woman.

"Choose them for yourself, my good mother," answered the young man.

She did not require to be told twice, and just as she was moving off:

"By the way," said she, taking from her pocket an old handkerchief big enough for a tablecloth, "here is something in return for your generosity.

"At the proper time and place don't forget to use it, but never promise anything unconditionally."

And with that she was gone.

Kletch took this present home as he had the other, just as if it had been something valuable.

Another time, as he was taking his flock to nibble what grass they could at the top of a rugged cliff, the old woman arrived on the scene, and after being saluted by Kletch, calmly asked him for three sheep.

"If this goes on," thought the poor lad, "I shall soon get rid of the lot."

"No matter! It must not be said that I ever refuse to do a kindness."

So again he said, "Choose for yourself, my good mother.

The old woman, without the slightest hesitation, took the three sheep, but before retiring; "By the way," said she, giving him a common-looking bottle, "take this in return for your generosity.

"At the proper time and place don't forget to use it, but never promise anything unconditionally."

When she said this she walked away.

Kletch put the bottle in his hut with the other presents, and went on with his quiet occupation without troubling his head any more.

At this time, the king's daughter had attained the age at which princesses are generally married.

This particular princess was as beautiful as it was possible to be, and gifted with most admirable qualities.

But no one is perfect, and she had the curious fancy of wanting everything and everybody to be subject to her wishes.

One day the king, her father, proposed a powerful prince as a likely husband for her.

"Sire," said the girl, "I will only marry a man who can command the rain, and who can make it fall or prevent it at pleasure."

This extraordinary resolution on the princess's part made so much sensation, that even Kletch heard of it in the country.

So he entrusted his flock to his dog, and resolved to go to town.

"Ah," thought the lad, "here is an opportunity for using the present I received."

So he took the umbrella, which was as large as a tent.

"What a wretched day for a journey!" said he.

Immediately the rain ceased.

"Oh, oh!" he cried. "What a funny thing!"

At that moment a hoarse voice said, "I am at your service; but in return promise me to marry my daughter."

"Very well," replied Kletch; "but I only promise on one condition."

"What?"

"That I will tell you at the proper time."

Thereupon he continued his journey. When he reached the castle he heard a herald proclaiming, after a flourish on his trumpet, that any person who could make the sun fail or cease at pleasure should be the bridegroom of the king's daughter. Nobody offered himself.

Kletch stepped forward.

It was pouring in torrents that day. He was straight under the country-seat.

There was the princess with her father bending over a ground balcony.

But when the princess saw the ludicrous figure that stood looking up at her, she cried out: "What does this man want? Give him alms if he requires aid, and then send him about his business."

"I am no beggar," said Kletch.

"Then what do you want?" asked the king.

"To try and be your son-in-law, sire."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I am glad to say."

"Be off!" shouted the king.

At this moment the sky was radiant.

Kletch opened his umbrella. A torrent of rain began to fall.

"Just look at that!" said the king.

"Dear me!" said the princess.

Kletch closed his umbrella. The rain stopped at once.

The king was surprised; the princess was rather alarmed. Her father began to scold her.

"Now you see," he said, "where your mad notions have landed us.

"Here am I pledged to take this man into our royal family."

"No harm is done yet," said the princess, trying to soothe her father.

Then she turned to the shepherd, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Kletch, at your service."

"Very well, Kletch, I admit that you have an unusual power, but I have decided only to marry a man who can command the wind."

And, leaving the balcony, she and her father went back into the palace.

The shepherd retired.

He felt quite sad. All night long he could do nothing but think of the beautiful princess. The next morning, at an early hour, he returned to the town.

He had provided himself with the handkerchief which he had received in exchange for the two sheep. He walked quickly.

Suddenly a strong wind began to blow. "What wretched weather for a journey!" thought Kletch, and he chanced to take the enormous handkerchief from his pocket.

Immediately the wind dropped.

"Oh, oh!" said the lad. "What a funny thing!"

Then he heard a voice which called, "I am at your service; but in return you must marry my daughter."

"Perhaps," said Kletch, quietly; "but I shall only do so on one condition."

"What?" demanded the voice, amid frightful whistlings.

"I will tell you the condition at the proper time." And on he went till he reached the castle.

As soon as the king's daughter saw him coming, she said, "I have not changed my mind since yesterday. If you cannot command the wind, you must go away.

Kletch touched his handkerchief. A perfect hurricane made all the chimneys shake and the windows rattle violently.

"Now look at that!" said the king.

"Dear me!" said the princess.

Kletch drew the handkerchief from his pocket. At once the storm was lulled.

"You have a great power," said the princess, observing the youth with interest; for he was a fine fellow, and, in spite of his rags, was as straight and handsome as the grandest noble in the court.

"But," she continued, "I can only give my hand to a man who can command the sun."

Kletch went away crestfallen. He loved the princess very dearly.

He could not sleep for thinking of her.

The next day at daybreak he went up to town again.

The sun was shining brightly.

"What a heat!" thought Kletch; "I shall be melted before I get there!"

As he was very thirsty, he took out the little bottle that he had received in exchange for three sheep, intending to drink the contents.

Immediately a thick vapor, proceeding from the bottle, formed, as it condensed, into a large cloud as white as snow, and entirely obscured the rays of the sun.

"My word!" said the shepherd. "What an extraordinary thing!"

At the same time a voice called out, "I am at your service; but in return you must promise to marry my daughter."

"All right," said Kletch; but, nevertheless, he only agreed upon a condition that he would not state.

When he got to the castle, he perceived the princess coming to meet him. "You had better go back," said she, "for it is impossible for you to command the sun."

At that moment the sun was covered by heavy clouds.

Kletch took out his bottle.

The clouds melted away, and the sun, no longer hidden, now shone in all its splendor.

The king did not know what to make of it.

The princess was extremely troubled.

Her pride revolted at the thought of becoming the wife of a miserable shepherd. She sought to convince him how impossible such an alliance must be.

Kletch hardly knew what to say.

"I love you," he remarked, simply; "is not that enough?"

But he reasoned in this matter like a rustic, and not like a man of the world. The princess, on her side, could not all at once get rid of the prejudices which belonged to her birth and rank.

"Ah!" she cried. "Am I to marry a man whom nobody else will have?"

Kletch, who heard her, did not feel wounded by this. He was too much in love to be selfish.

But seeing her so sad he asked, "Is that all that troubles you? Very well, I can soon put that right."

"Will you give me your hand? I can prove to you that I am not a bad-looking young man; but what woman could desire to bear your name?"

"Patience," said Kletch.

He opened his umbrella. The rain began to fall.

"Bring forth your daughter!" he cried.

The same instant a woman appeared. She had a green complexion, a face like a frog's, hair dripping wet, and she shivered under her drenched clothing.

"I promised to marry her," said Kletch to the princess, "but on one condition."

"What?"

"That I liked her; but I do not like her; so I reject her."

He closed his umbrella.

The rain ceased, and the woman disappeared, crying bitterly.

Kletch touched his handkerchief, and a strong wind began to blow.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried the young man.

Immediately there appeared a tremendous woman, who was more like a balloon. Her cheeks were inflated, and her body distended like a bladder full of air.

"I promised to marry her," said Kletch to the king's daughter, "but on one condition."

"What?"

"That I liked her; but I do not like her; so I reject her."

He waved the handkerchief.

Out came the sun with a charming smile.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried the shepherd.

Thereupon a tall woman, with a face like a pumpkin, red hair, and eyes like live coals, presented herself.

"The sun would like me to be his son-in-law," said Kletch to the princess; "but I made one condition."

"What?"

"That his daughter would please me; and as she does not, I reject her."

He waved the bottle.

A dense mass of clouds came out and covered the sun and his daughter till they disappeared.

Then Kletch fell at the feet of the princess.

The king who had a kind heart, and who began to think that a son-in-law who could control the elements was not to be despised, was just going to embrace him, when his daughter stopped him.

"You have great power," said she to the shepherd, "and you have done all I asked, but there is one more thing which I hope you will not refuse me."

"Speak," said Kletch, trembling with excitement.

"Well," said the princess, "it is this; when we are married that I shall regulate the weather!"

Kletch assented, and straightway the princess gave him her hand, which was the most beautiful hand in the world. He seized it and kissed it rapturously.

At the same moment, three fairies arrived in cars drawn by dragons.

They turned out to be the three old women whom the shepherd owed the precious gifts which had brought him such luck. The ladies were invited to the wedding, which was the grandest affair that ever took place.

Some time after the king died, and Kletch reigned in his stead.

He reigned, but as a matter of fact it was the queen, his wife, who really governed.

They lived thus happily till their death, and though no one has been able to reach the distant country where these things took place, the facts were so notorious that nearly all over the world it became the custom for ladies to have the upper hand.

OUR CANARY BIRD.—A little yellow bird, perched in a gilded cage, surrounded by flowers, is constantly singing snatches of pretty songs, which, if we could understand words, or rather should be of some advantage to us; we will imagine that we do know what he says. He seems to say: "Well, my little indolent friends, you may consider what I am going to say to you a bore, but as I think you need a little friendly advice, I am going to give you some. Although you have so many advantages, you do not appreciate them; you can go out in the warm sunshine, and you are free to do as you please, while I am compelled to remain in this gilded house of mine, and amuse myself to the best of my ability. I may look at all the flowers that surround me, between the wires of my cage, but it ends there. Now, my friends do not think that I am complaining of my situation in life, because I am not, I am merely comparing your privileges with mine, to show you how vastly superior and numerous yours are. I suppose I am as well situated as the majority of my species, although I have not my freedom. Before I came to live with you, I was living in a house where there was a very poor, but industrious little girl, who, on account of her poverty, could not go to school; but she did not let that keep her from having an education, as she used to sit up until the small hours of the morning studying. What surprised me most, was that she never complained of her lot, but was always as gay as those who were under more favorable circumstances, probably more so. I was therefore very much surprised, when I came here and found you have so many advantages, surrounded with comfort, you, who have such a good home, mother and teacher and such privileges for gaining knowledge. My conversation is probably becoming tedious to you, so I will close with a few more words of advice, namely: Always take the best of your opportunities, and never complain when there is no necessity for doing so." And thus our little bird ended his speech.

JENNIE WILLMAN.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

WOMAN'S practical education still remains one of the greatest problems. Numberless schemes have been set on foot, but most of them are likely to share the fate of soapbubbles, for the too ardent zeal of promoters prevented them from studying the real mission of women and the present wants of society. The progress of civilization imposes on all women a certain proficiency in sciences and arts, whilst a practical training has become even more imperative, specially to face changes of fortune consequent to the extravagant tastes of our times.

Strenuous efforts are daily made in both directions, yet, while schools and colleges flourish, domestic classes receive comparatively little support. True, by some erroneous notions, the indispensable duties of home have been till lately considered as trifling, unworthy of a lady, &c. Still, are they not by far the most important? and we are ready to prove that to some extent a good housekeeper requires as much varied knowledge and judgment as is generally expected of a man; and for this reason, she naturally wants a special course of education. To meet these two-fold requirements, the plan of the Ecoles Professionnelles, as followed in Paris, seems to be an admirable one. In these institutions the morning is set apart for the general studies, and the afternoon for apprenticeship in some employment, such as dressmaking, china painting, millinery, &c. The girls learn two or three of these occupations, which are sure to be useful in the future, whether for private use or business purposes.

However, it has been objected that the combination of sciences and arts with such homely themes as cooking and needlework puts far too much strain on the youthful mind. Much depends, we believe, on the teacher and his method. It must be remembered that now-a-days helps to education have become so numerous as to save a deal of time and trouble, hence several subjects can easily be grasped at once. Cleverly compiled treatises greatly facilitate the learner's task, but unquestionably his best aid is derived from illustrations and diagrams.

In less than a second the eye perceives the object in its real form, when otherwise the mind would never perhaps have seized the idea, however clear and full the description. Knowledge acquired with such surprising rapidity has, moreover, the advantage of being marvellously retained, assisted as it is by the eye and memory. By this plan there is no knowing how much instruction can now be imparted by an enlightened teacher without having recourse to any cramming or cueing. This fact should be well understood by originators of new schemes.

The advisability of a sound English education together with a thorough home training is now recognized by all sensible people; yet we admit that the time has not ripened for the fusion of the two elements. We therefore propose a compromise. Parents should consider it a duty to make their daughters, when leaving the school room, devote, say six or twelve months to household work, learnt, not anyhow, but systematically.

In advocating such a plan we do not urge any irksome task, which will clash with pleasures or accomplishments, but merely the sacrifice of a few hours in the week. To render this arrangement really profitable, every department should be studied under the same method, that of demonstration and diagrams prepared under the supervision of the same instructor. The reason of insisting on this necessity is obvious; the great link existing between each branch facilitates abridgements and prevents endless repetitions. If a pupil happens to follow only one course, she is likely to miss some important explanations, which having been previously given will be now simply touched upon by the preceptor. She will also lose the connection between the sciences learnt at school and the knowledge she is now acquiring.

In mooting this scheme to a few matter-of-fact friends they greatly approved of it, but did not promise it much success. Cooking classes they acknowledged have taken well because they addressed themselves to the palate. Dancing classes too have answered because they gratify the love of show and pleasure. But there is little chance for any other classes in the household domain. Further details can easily be picked up, so parents think. Can it be true? Can they really be so blind to the welfare of others when daily they see the results of ignorance in these matters which embitter so many married lives? Does the reduced genteel woman almost envy [illegible]? This very want of methodical training is the greatest stumbling block to all philanthropic efforts on behalf of decayed ladies. Rather than learn and persevere in some quiet feminine branch they lose their money, energy, and strength in running after alluring baits. Is it any wonder that at last we are astounded with the new suggestion that the greengrocery is likely to prove a suitable trade for a lonely and weak woman!

A DAUGHTER of the Rev. J. Deering of Toledo committed suicide; it was said that his severity prompted the act. A Congressional Committee was appointed to try Mr. Deering. To that body he sent his resignation, saying that he was innocent, but that he did not feel equal to the task of personal vindication.

AS THE LIVER IS LARGE [illegible] more or less [illegible] it is necessary to keep it in order. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills regulate the Liver to healthy action, and remove all biliousness.

Grains of Gold.

Humor is the harmony of the heart.

Purity of nature is a kind of genius, and the highest.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

The proof of a strong will is graceful surrender on proper occasions.

We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man.

The best medicines in the world are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air.

Vanity and despondency are two counsellors whose suggestions are never wise.

If you are a professional man, always discuss professional matters in the presence of non-professionals.

A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-man can do little for him.

Never lose faith in humanity. If there was ever a good man, be certain there was another, and there will be more.

It is strange that, of all possible tasks, simply to be what we are should prove not the easiest, but infinitely the hardest.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more fortunate who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

They are to be pitied the most who have nothing to do. They are happy who must keep moving in the groove of duty.

If with a stranger, always use profane and vulgar words. You will be astonished how it will change his estimation of you.

Nature is upheld by antagonisms. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

Never talk in a mild, gentle, musical voice, but toot up high and loud. Drown other people's voices if you can't drown their ideas.

When a man is talking, let your eyes and mind wander about the the room, and when he gets through, ask him to repeat what he had said.

God, in his providence, sometimes seems harsh with those he loves, and speaks roughly to those for whom yet he has great mercy in store.

So little does the experience of ages illustrate the exigencies of action, that for ever the half of life must be passed ere the demands of life are known.

To look out upon the business of the world, and to translate the course of action into the idiom of wisdom, is the highest process of intellectual culture.

The envious man is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself, but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud, but by another man's sunshine.

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor—iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him, and the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in 25 years!

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or statutes, or songs.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage.

A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

Like flakes of snow that fall upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for awhile, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruin!

Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

Reading is one of the greatest consolations in life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

Our characters are formed for good or evil from the company we keep. Confidence in our power to refrain from the vices of others too often inveigles us into the risk of mingling with associates whom we know to be our inferiors both mentally and morally. The daily influence of such company will blind us to what we know to be wrong.

Femininities.

No true woman will ever marry a man so tall that she cannot reach his hair.

Men have more sympathy with others' prosperity—women with their adversity.

Women should resemble the moon in everything but its spots and its mutability.

Good hearted women never begrudge others anything—but fine clothes and husbands.

The Michigan dentists have a lady member of their association. She is appropriately named Aker.

There is in all this world no such fount of deep, strong, deathless love as that within a mother's heart.

Women have no worse enemies than women. One must be a woman to know how to revenge.

The difference between a blonde and a locomotive is, that one has a light head, and the other a headlight.

A Rhode Islander, 80 years old, has suddenly lost all his hair and whiskers. It is supposed that he got married.

A two-year-old tootsey-wootsey told her aunt it was "yaining," because she "heard its footsteps on the gallery."

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one, when she wonders who she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.

Speaking of the deceptive appearance of artificial flowers, a young lady remarks: "They have no sentiment, because you know that they never die."

An exchange says: "A dozen women ride now where one woman rode a few years ago." It will be seen that this arrangement must be hard on the horse.

"Salesperson" is the latest agony in mercantile parlance. It is to be hoped that this epicene appellation is satisfactory to those who object to being called saleswomen.

"Well," said a child, "if the hairs of our head are all numbered, the numbers must get awfully mixed up, for lots of women wear hair that grew on some one else's head."

Men are uncertain whether they like the new stained straw hats that ladies are beginning to wear. The spectacle of red hair under a crimson hat is startling, to put it mildly.

Experience, the great teacher: "If I ever marry, I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional woman." "Don't do it!" eagerly exclaimed his bald-headed friend; "my wife's an emotional woman."

A relative of Julia Ward Howe tells this story: Dr. Howe was a great phrenologist. He met his future wife one evening at a game of blindman's buff. He caught her by the head. "And I fell in love with her bumps," he always explained, enthusiastically, in speaking of it afterward.

Professional.—Two housemaids strolling past a bric-a-brac shop, paused to look at two chandeliers in the window—a fine eighteen-branched one, and one of three branches. "Which do you like better?" said the younger maid. "The three-brancher," said the veteran; "it is easier cleaned."

At the funeral of Bulwer, Lord Lytton, his wife—who has just died (whose happiness he ruined, and who pursued him all his life with accusations and reproaches)—stood by his grave, shrouded in crape, convulsed in an agony of grief, and dropping flowers upon the coffin as it descended from sight.

Women are all more or less born actresses; the first word with most of them about anything in connection with themselves is, "How will it look?" They know that their pretty pretense of fireside needle-work looks very well to their admiring friends, and even to their husbands. They know that its meaning is understood and accepted.

A widower was asked why he did not have the picture of his departed wife framed as a memento of her who was gone before. "Sir," said the man addressed, "there is no necessity for it; her memory is kept verdant by association. I keep a hardware store, and see sad-irons, frying-pans and rolling-pins every day. I used to feel 'em."

"Some years ago Miss Libbie Minkler, of Rochelle, Ill., lost both arms by falling in front of a reaper. To-day she is earning a good living by oil-painting, holding the brush in her teeth." The above item, now going the rounds, reminds us that this is the first instance where a tooth-brush was utilized in the pictorial art. Wonder if the young lady also utilizes her palate?

A young girl objects to the criticism which makes it appear that those of her sex who are true and womanly are scarce; and she wishes to know whether it is necessary when a young lady is receiving company in the parlor she shall lug in beefsteak, whitewash tubs, scrubbing brushes, and smoothing irons, in order to convince a lot of nincies of young men that she can work in the kitchen.

Crotchet for Ladies.—Take a small thread of fact. Spin it long and wind it about as rapidly as possible over the reel of fancy; tangle it up with the aid of a variety of meshes; put it about the ears of as many of your female friends as will stand to have the operation performed, and the result will be a splendid piece of crochet work which will be of the utmost service as a pattern—to be universally avoided.

Mrs. Mary Durant, of Elkhart, Ind., lost her eyesight twenty-five years ago, and has since been totally blind, until a few days ago the film that covered her eyes began to disappear, and now, at the age of fifty-four she can recognise friends and read clear print. She attributes her cure to prayer, having had, during all the years of her affliction, an abiding faith that God would sometime relieve her.

A young man who was "left out" of a Cleveland surprise party invited the young lady who was to be surprised to go with him to the theatre that evening. She did so. And the company which called on her, after waiting well nigh until Sunday morning, when the young lady came back with him from the theatre, understood exactly what had become of that "surprise" when the two walked in together.

News Notes.

There are 12,000,000 horses in the United States.

Embroidery on white kid appears as trimming for evening dresses.

The city authorities of Auburn, Me., refuse to license billiard halls.

A list of 42 circuses is published which have taken the road this season.

There was $10,000,000 worth of barbed-wire fences built in this country last year.

Texas used to feed her pecans to the hogs. Now she sells her crop for over two million dollars.

A Benicia, Cal., horse swallowed a turkey, feathers and all. It was small and young—the turkey.

The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., is to be open on Sunday afternoons hereafter.

At Newark, N. J., August Enhalt went to bed smoking. The next day what remained of him lay in state at the morgue.

Bertall, the Parisian caricaturist, just died made between six and seven hundred thousand designs during his artistic career.

One of the American missionaries to Japan has shipped home and sold to speculators in the last two years over $7,000 worth of idols.

There is a writer in Paris who furnishes Paris scenery, cash down, to novelists whose talent does not lie in that line, says *Figaro*.

Rev. A. Busch, of Winona, Minn., has a special reason to "remember the Sabbath day." His five children were all born on Sunday.

A St. Louis sanitary officer reports a place where "butter" is manufactured, as he believes from the carcasses of hogs which die a natural death.

Southern apologists for the sanded cotton are finding much comfort in the story of heavy sticks of wood used in packing Northern bales of hay.

The London *Lancet's* statistics show that in crossing the ocean a man is about a hundred times more likely to lose his life by disease than by shipwreck.

In two-thirds of the French villages there is only the communal school. The smallest Belgian village has a church school, as well as a communal school.

Rev. Wm. Adams, pastor of one of the largest churches in Louisville, Ky., has been requested to resign for preaching sermons that didn't belong to him.

An English baronet, Sir Horatio Henry Wraxall, died in a workhouse the other day, and the heir to the baronetcy has been a pawnbroker's apprentice.

Mr. Parnell's Easter egg had a shell of silver, and the contents were $500 from Liverpool sympathizers, to buy comforts for the prisoners of Kilmainham.

Lake county, in Oregon, was organized ten years ago, and it is asserted that 15 murders have been committed within its boundaries since that time, without any convictions.

"The burial casket," says a Chicago funeral notice, "was made to conform, as far as possible with the comfort the occupant was wont to surround himself with in the home he left."

A Salem (N. J.) boy has living—two grandmothers, three great-grandmothers, one great-great-grandmother, one grand-father, one great-grandmother, and one great-great-grandfather.

A man who eloped with a Wisconsin wife left a note for the husband: "I have tooked your woman, but you ar welcum to my last week's wages, wich I didn't draw; and I hoap that squares things."

President Garfield's grave on every pleasant Sunday is visited by thousands of quiet people. The sentinels still pace about the vault, the bronze doors of which are thrown back, revealing the coffin.

A citizen of White Pines, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a cat. The head and half the body is that of a cat, while the remainder is rabbit. It eats peas like a rabbit and meat and bread like a cat.

Captain Stokes, a Tennessee fisherman, became so engrossed in his sport that he did not fight off the pests called buffalo gnats, and their bite were so numerous and poisonous that he died from the effect.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, Judge Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and ex-Governor B. Gratz Brown were three wild and red-headed boys who lived near together and attended the same school in Frankfort, Ky.

It was deemed singular that eight employes of the New York Central Railroad at Buffalo should come out simultaneously with Sunday suits of like material. The explanation was found in the fact that they had plundered a freight car.

A Paris athlete, commonly known as the "man steam engine," is declared by the Paris papers to have run thirteen and a half miles in one hour on April 2. The best recorded performance of this kind by an English professional is about eleven and a half miles.

The Marshal of Tecumseh, Mich., was ordered to enforce an ordinance against street encumbrances. His way of performing that duty was to throw a disobedient grocer into the gutter, and hold him there until he promised to remove his stand from the sidewalk.

A New York woman has made her will on silver cards, taking out a piece of each card in the shape of a crescent—no two being alike—and giving this piece to different heirs. They are to receive what she has bequeathed them on the cards into which their crescent pieces fit.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fears of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great, puffed-up pretended cures.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Disease.

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READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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In Handsome Walnut Case. *Simplest in the World. Elegant, Melodious, Powerful*, 16 Notes. Plays any Tune. Music &c. a foot. More Condensed and Cheaper than any other. *Musical Wonder Catalogue Free.*

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809 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

CONCERNING SPIDERS.

IN 1835—if my memory be not at fault—there was a remarkably fine annular eclipse of the sun which I, then a very small boy, was, among others, watching with some fear and much wonder. When the obscuring moon had begun to pass from the sun's disc, and the partial darkness was disappearing, one of the older spectators remarked: "Now, after this there should be a shower of feathers." Why he had such an expectation, he did not say. But it really did happen—only the shower was not really a shower of feathers—though the falling material closely resembled these light bodies—nor a shower of snow, but a shower of gossamer spiders.

These gossamer showers are great mysteries, and once seen cannot be forgotton; for the air on these occasions becomes literally crowded with tiny parachutes, composed of a few threads of almost invisible gossamer, each of the parachutes being occupied by a Lilliputian aeronaut, in the shape of a very small but active spider. Whence these aerial creatures come, or whither they go, remains so far to be discovered; but it seems clear that somehow they have learned the navigation of the trackless region overhead which we call atmosphere. Darwin describes one which he saw in 1832, at the mouth of the La Platte river, when his vessel was some sixty miles from land; and he possibly was the first to notice that each parachute of gossamer carried a spider aeronaut; for he noticed them not only arrive on board the ship, but he also saw them reproduce a new parachute, and on this frail bark launch forth again "on the bosom of the palpitating air."

It is a common notion, when a spider-web crosses one's face in a summer evening, that it is the web of the gossamer spider; but this wants correction. Some of these threads may be the gossamer spider's work, but most of them are the cables of other species. Almost all spiders leave a cable behind as they travel from point to point, or swing themselves from branch to branch. The common geometric spider generally, I might almost say invariably, leaves a thread in its track; and it is more frequently the threads of this and kindred spiders which haunt trees, hedges, etc., and so frequently tickle our noses in shady lanes. It can shoot out lines with as much facility as the gossamer spider. One day, when holding one suspended to my finger by its cable, it disappeared as if by magic. To discover its method, I tried another in bright sunlight, and observed that while it was hanging thus suspended, and perfectly motionless, it was shooting out threads in various directions. These threads floated on, spreading out into three of four arms, and covering about sixty degrees, but all in a common direction. At length one came in contact with a post, and adhered to it. As soon as the spider found that one of the cables had found an anchorage, it cut the one by which I held it captive, ran up this cable of hope, and got free.

This spider spreads its beautiful spirals from twig to twig on the outside. Beneath these snares, those of the common house-spider may be found, where possibly this species is taking its summer's outing; and deeper among the branches still, another small spider can be seen in greater numbers than either of these two kinds. I have not been able to identify its species, but I have seen it playing with its young ones as a cat plays with her kittens. The peculiarity of this spider is its family of fifty or sixty young ones, which it carefully rears, provides for, and educates. Its web is not a snare which fastens, but a mass which confuses the prey. When a fly falls in, and is rapidly buzzing its way through it, the spider, directed by the vibrations of the web, rushes upon the confused insect, and paralyzes its wings and limbs by smearing them over with a glutinous secretion. As soon as the captive is securely manacled, the wily spider ventures to give it the finishing stroke with its poison-fangs. While all this is proceeding, the young family come running out of their domicile to watch the contest; and as soon as the fly is powerless to harm them with blows from wings or limbs, they cluster round its body so closely, seizing upon every point of vantage, that a large blue-bottle becomes completely hidden as they swarm over it.

Then there are wandering or wolf-spiders enough in our fields to account for the network of webs that a dewy morning reveals. The webs are there, dew or no dew; but when covered with dew or hoar-frost, they are revealed to every eye. The female wolf-spider may be found about the end of June carrying a spherical bag as big as herself, which is full of young wolf-spider eggs. These are hatched about July; and when we consider that each individual spider begins to travel on its own behoof, and invariably leaves a thread in its track, it is not very remarkable that every dewy morning in autumn should reveal pastures covered with sparkling spider silk.

Gossamer spiders have been seen descending from a considerable altitude in the atmosphere, and shortly afterwards individual spiders have been observed one after another to reascend, as if they were returning to their native place; and may not their peculiar "happy hunting-ground" be in the atmosphere?

It occurs to me that possibly the real home of gossamer spiders may be in the blue ether, where, in the wonderful economy of nature, they may have their appointed work to do. Or, it may be that these Lilliputian roamers through space, like the migratory birds, have their appointed periods for going in one direction and returning in another. Who knows? He only who made them and us, and whose ordained ministers are, humanly speaking, infinite in their number and variety. CHAMBERS.

New Publications.

To French students, "Les Recreations Philologiques," a semi-monthly journal, treating of that literature, can be commended. It is edited by Prof. Sauveur, well-known in connection with the new school of language, and published at 74 West Thirty-fifth street, New York.

A little pamphlet called "The Broom Drill," including the school of the soldier, school of the company, and skirmishing, has been issued by C. T. Dillingham, 678 Broadway, New York. There is no author's name, no preface, and the reader is left in doubt as to its intention. It is based on general military tactics, the broom taking the place of gun and sword. So far as details go, it seems a very thorough compilation.

"After the Freshet," by Edward A. Rand. This is the second volume in the V I F series which was stamped with success by the first issue. It is unnecessary to say of any books of Mr. Rand's that they are bright, interesting and helpful; that may be taken for granted. He has painted a variety of characters, good and bad, in "After the Freshet," all of which have a special mission to perform. The main character of the story is Arthur Manley, a young man of fine talents and noble character, who has been brought up in a rough farmer's family in ignorance of his parentage. From the fact that he has become a great favorite with a wealthy family in town, he has incurred the dislike of an unprincipled lawyer, who has designs upon that family, and who resorts to a series of persecutions in order to get him out of the way. The story of how he evades the plots of his enemy and how he ultimately discovers the secret of his birth and achieves the other and higher ambitions of his life, is vividly and affectingly told. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price, $1.25.

"Pot-Bouille," Emile Zola's new book, is creating a greater sensation in Paris than either "Nana," or "L'Assommoir," and the American edition is now ready. "Pot-Bouille; or The Boiling Pot on the Fire," is intensely interesting, and is a true study of scenes from French family life. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia.

The early sale of the first edition of "The Pettibone Name," by Margaret Sidney, augurs well for the V I F series, of which it is the introductory volume.

Miss Susan Hale has gone to Europe to collect the material of the third "Family Flight," which will be taken "through Spain." The manuscript for the second, "over Egypt and Syria," is now in preparation for the coming holiday season.

"La Faustin," by Edmond de Goncourt, is a novel of remarkable power and originality. It belongs to the telling naturalistic school of fiction now so famous; but, while dealing with hard facts and doubtful phases of Paris life, it is always refined and never gross. La Faustin, the heroine, is a popular Parisian actress, modelled after the great Rachel, who is staying the role of Phedre. The book presents a series of pictures painted in life tints of Parisian splendor, elegance, excitement, vice, malice and depravity. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

The May number of *Our Little Ones* contains more than its usual amount of poetry, opening with a delightful "Nursery Song." Many of these pieces are exactly suited to teaching the little ones, for recitation, etc. The stories and illustrations are admirable. Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

A book that those traveling, or going to any of the summer resorts, will find specially valuable, is "Summer Gleanings," by Rose Porter. It devotes a leaf to every day from the beginning of June to the end of August. A space has been left on each page for pencilings by the way, another for pencil sketch, and a third for pressed flowers. The paper is of a texture suited to all of these, and the book is so bound that it will hold the flowers without losing its shape. We have never met anything better adapted for preserving the memories of a summer jaunt than this. It is bound in splendid form for its purpose, and is sold for $1.75 in cloth; in linen, $3.50, and in morocco, $3.50. Published by White & Stokes, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

BUSH FIRE TERRORS.—A tragic story reaches us from Franklin Harbor, in South Australia. On the last day but one of last year, Martin McCarthy, with four of his sons, left their thatched homestead in the hundred of Hunker to reap the wheat which stood ripe for the sickle at the distance of a mile. They noticed a bush fire about a dozen miles off, but as the wind was in the opposite direction they thought nothing of it, and went on reaping till dinner time. Immediately after that meal, which they took in the field, the wind veered round, and, rising to a hurricane, swept the fire down upon their farm. Desperately plunging through the blinding smoke, they barely succeeded in gaining a clearing a hundred yards distant before huge tongues of fire fifty feet high rushed past them roaring and hissing as they licked up every vestige of vegetation in their course. When the flames had subsided, they hurried home. As he ran towards the chimney, which alone remained to mark the site of his dwelling, he stumbled over what he took for the stump of a tree, but which he discovered was the charred corpse of his wife. A little further on was the body of his seven-year-old boy, and round the body lay the bodies of his five daughters. The eldest, a girl of 19, held in her arms the youngest, a baby of two years of age.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Cokesky, S. C., April 18, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. We are decidedly well pleased with it.

MRS. S. PINSON.

Ijamaville, Ind., April 22, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all O. K., and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by papers—and truly a gift, as either paper or premium is well worth the amount you ask for both.

MRS. J. SHEAK.

Adamsville, Tenn., April 23, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers for me in a few days. I feel as though I ought to do something to repay you for the beautiful picture. Accept my thanks.

JOHN STEWART.

Marion, Ia., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

D. V. PARKER.

Gibsonville, Ga., April 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. It is so natural and life-like. I am very much pleased with it indeed.

MRS. NEMOLLEN.

Pittsfield, Mass., April 21, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb.

PHILIP EICABLSER.

Liberty, Kans., April 21, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the nicest gift ever given by any paper, and it certainly ought to be appreciated.

G. FROOME.

Elizabeth, N. J., April 21, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—really magnificent. You may accept my sincere thanks, and look for some subscribers from me. I consider it equal to a $100 oil-painting.

MRS. E. E. BRUEN.

Good Hope, Ill., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. I will show it to my friends, and try to get you some more subscribers. It must be seen to be appreciated.

JAS. CLARK.

Pierceton, Ind., April 21, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw. Really, I cannot understand how you can afford to give away such an elegant picture. Accept my sincere thanks.

MRS. S. M. SOPHER.

Kingston, N. Y., April 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will try for some subscribers.

HILLMAN L. CATER.

Black Hawk, Ky., April 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Many thanks.

MRS. A. KEITH.

Paulsboro, N. J., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have also rec'd copy of your paper, and am greatly pleased with it.

CATHARINE WOOD.

Bedford, Mo., April 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it. It is (without doubt) the finest premium ever offered by any newspaper in the world.

A. A. NASH, M. D.

Winterset, Ia., April 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them eulogize it. It exceeds any and all premiums ever received with the POST, or any other paper. Thanks.

MRS. H. E. BOYD.

Canton, Md., April 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest premium that I have ever seen given away with any publication.

H. C. SMITH.

Ellicott City, Md., April 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours surpasses them all.

H. TENNICK.

Christiansburg, O., April 22, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please one and all. The POST is a splendid paper. I would not do without it.

MRS. H. J. MARSHALL.

Humorous.

A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros. But then he was an auctioneer.

Marblehead, Mass, has adopted prohibition, and the sea-serpent no longer infests the coast of that town.

The slang expression, "taffy," was probably coined from the word epitaph, which generally expresses the same thing.

The increase of crime in Chicago is accounted for by the fact that every Eastern man who goes to that city, and fails to brag about it, gets killed.

To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 515 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 523 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Barlett's PILES SUPPOSITORIES RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE.

(From the *Home Journal*.)

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY,

A REAL SKIN CURE.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

AND THAT WITH SIMPLE NAME.

Beware of imposters, pirates, or any old articles which now suddenly claim to be best. They have been tried and found wanting, while this has been proved a remarkable success.

NO POMPOUS NAME.

This curative needs no pompous or incomprehensible title of Greek or Latin to sustain it, but its simple English name appeals directly to the common sense of the people. And the people are signally manifesting their appreciation of this frankness by selecting and using Dr. Benson's SKIN CURE in preference to all other professed remedies.

Dr. C. W. Benson has long been well known as a successful physician and surgeon, and his life study has been the diseases of the nervous system and of the skin; since he has been persuaded to put his New Remedy and Favorite Prescription as a "Skin Cure" on the market, various things have sprung up into existence, or have woke up from the sleepy state in which they were before, and now claim to be *The Great Skin Cures.*

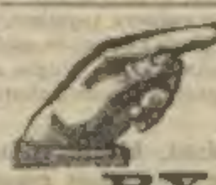
☞Beware of imitations, or the various articles which have been advertised for years or struggled along, having no real hold or merit on the public, that now endeavor to keep head above water by advertising themselves as "The Great Skin Cure." None is genuine and reliable except Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. Each package and bottle bears his likeness. Internal and external remedy, two bottles in one package. Price $1.00, get at your druggist's.

RELIEF for all OVERWORKED BRAINS.

CAUSE AND CURE.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are valuable for school children who suffer from nervous headaches caused by an overworked brain in their studies, and for all classes of hard brain workers whose overtasked nervous centers need repair and sedation. Nervous tremor, weakness, and paralysis are being daily cured by these pills. They correct costiveness, but are not purgative. Price, 50 cents, or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address. For sale by all druggists. Depot, Baltimore, Md., where the Doctor can be addressed. Letters of inquiry freely answered.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.



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Correspondence solicited.

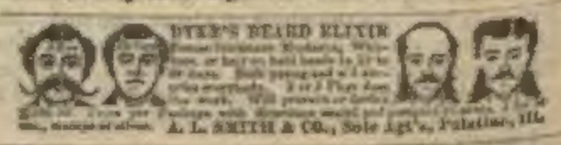
Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD.

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.



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40 Large Chrome Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c. in fancy case 10c, Samples 2c. Empire Card Co. Birmingham, Ct.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 2c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

Facetiæ.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl?

Kick your corn through a window-glass, and the pane is gone forever.

The photographer is the only man whose regular business is to take something.

A physician's girl shook him, reversing the order: he was shaken, but not taken.

If it is headache of any kind that troubles you, you need never have another attack. Send $2.50 to Dr. C. Benson, Baltimore, Md., and he will send you by return mail 6 boxes of his Celery and Chamomile Pills, and they will permanently cure you. Of druggists, 50 cents a box.

A muzzle over a dog's mouth acts as a suspender to his pants.

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

It is to be supposed a soldier will be raw until he is exposed to fire.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

The potato is a susceptible vegetable. It is constantly getting mashed.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

Is it any proof that logic has legs because it always stands to reason?

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

An English editor headed an article "Our Mammoth Fleet." The compositor left the "l" out. When the paper appeared, the quill-driver solemnly swore he would never import another American printer.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants**, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before*, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. **A club of two subscribers to The Post,** one year accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the **Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three,** one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. **A club of four,** one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription **two years,** and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, **free.** For $6, will extend subscription **three years,** and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription **four years,** and send all three premiums, **free.** Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. *Note.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—*The Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper: has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

HORRIBLE DEATH!

Ira W. Bemis, the Popular Conductor, Dies from Strangulated Rupture.

A Terrible Warning to Those Who Rely Upon Trusses.

(From the Vermont Union.)

On Thursday morning, Jan. 27, Ira W. Bemis, conductor on the Passumpsic Railroad, died from strangulated hernia. He had worn a truss since a boy, but for many years past has been so careful that he had no trouble with the hernia. On Tuesday evening, while playing a brass instrument at Woodsville, his trouble was renewed, and he came home the next day in great pain. A physician was summoned, and everything possible, except an operation, was done to reduce the hernia, but without effect. On Thursday a council was called, consisting of Drs. Copeland, Cahoon, and Hubbard, of Lyndon; Bullard, of St. Johnsbury, and Brown, of Wells River, who is a connection of Mr. Bemis' family. An operation was performed by Dr. Bullard, and it was the opinion of the doctors that he could not recover. He rallied somewhat, was full of courage himself, and his friends for a time dared to hope for his recovery; but it was otherwise ordered. Mr. Bemis was born in Burke, and has been in the employ of the Passumpsic Railroad some twenty-two or twenty-three years, and about eighteen years passenger conductor. His face was familiar to every one. He was not a very sociable man, but he was a very popular conductor and always faithful to his employers. Those who knew him well best appreciated his real merit, and he will be greatly missed in the Passumpsic valley. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

There are thousands in the same precarious situation that Mr. Bemis was for years, striving for safety from the horrible fate which overtook him upon the use of the same means, i. e., the injurious, insecure, and fatal truss. Had Mr. Bemis provided with Dr. SHERMAN'S treatment he would doubtless to-day be happy with his family and friends.

No one has ever yet died from strangulation who was the fortunate possessor of Dr. SHERMAN'S treatment. No wonder his patients are so exultant over the relief and cure he affords them. Now is the time, not to-morrow, for the afflicted to avail themselves of his skill and remedies to avert the sad fate poor Mr. Bemis met with. He felt safe with his truss; others may feel so, too, but his fate is a warning that none should overlook.

DR. SHERMAN'S "Book on Rupture" gives convincing proofs from professional gentlemen and others of his successful treatment. It is illustrated with photographic pictures of bad cases before and after cure, and is sent to those who send 10 cents. Consultation days at principal office, No. 251 Broadway, New York, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays of each week. Branch offices, 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., and 63 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN

Clothing

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SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

Warner Brothers

CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations bound with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND LIME. The advantage of this Compound over the plain Oil is, that the nauseating taste of the Oil is entirely removed, and the whole rendered entirely palatable. The offensive taste of the oil has long acted as a great objection to its use; but in this form the trouble is entirely obviated. A host of certificates might be given here to testify to the excellence and success of "*Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime*;" but the fact that it is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty is sufficient. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

BEATTY'S CABINET OR PARLOR

ORGANS

Beatty's BEETHOVEN Organ contains 10 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, 27 STOPS, Walnut or Ebonized Case, 5 Octaves, Metal Foot Plates, Upright Bellows, Steel Springs, Lamp Stands, Pocket for music, Handles and Casters for moving. Beatty's Patent Stop Action, a NEW AND NOVEL KEEDBOARD (patented) will give as much music as 14 COMMON ORGANS. No other maker dare build this organ (it is patented.) ENORMOUS SUCCESS. Sales over 1000 a month, demand increasing. Factory working DAY and by 300 Edison's Electric Lights at NIGHT to fill orders.

Price, Boxed, Delivered on board Cars here, Stool, Book, &c., only $90

If after one year's use you are not satisfied return Organ, will promptly refund money with interest.

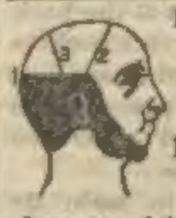
COME AND EXAMINE THE INSTRUMENT

In person. Five Dollars ($5) allowed to pay expenses if you buy; come anyway, you are welcome. Free Coach with polite attendants meets all trains. Other Organs $50, $60, $100 up. Pianofortes $125 to $1000.

Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free.

Please Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



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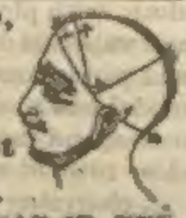


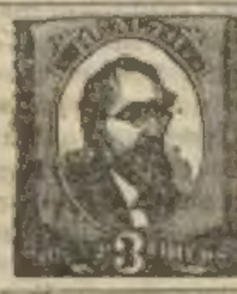
Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as said.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.



To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure."—Baptist

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in Moore's UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 300 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.25, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. *Agents Wanted.* Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms, and Catalogue of 500 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 721 Sansom St., New York.

FREE TO ALL!

One set (6) Silver Steel Tea Spoons, 1 Silver-plated Sugar Shell, ½ dozen colored Japanese Napkins, 1 elegant colored Engraving, The Lord's Prayer, with colored portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and Arthur, size 19x24 inches. All sent post paid, provided you will cut this out and return with 17 three cent postage stamps to pay postage and packing expenses. Address

E. C. ZIEGLER & CO., 30 Barclay Street, New York.

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Presses and outfits from $2 to $500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

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EASILY CURED with THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. 5,000 cured. Books Free.

HEADQUARTERS for Chromos of all kinds, Oleograph, Easter, Birthday, Sunday-School and Holiday Cards, fringed or plain. J. Latham & Co., Importers, Manufacturers and Card Publishers, 927 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

FOR YOU How to Make Money Fast! and Plenty of it, send name and address, on Postal Card, to C. LESTER, 22 New Church Street, New York.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, **in case 10c.** Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. **F. W. Austin,** Fair Haven, Conn.

Beatty's Organ 27 stops $90. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

70 New or 50 sceptics, no 2 alike, Chromo Cards with name **10c.** E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

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100 POPULAR SONGS, no two alike, for 10c. H. J. WEHMAN, 40 Chatham St., N. Y.

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JESSE AND FRANK JAMES

Our illustrated **Lives of the James Brothers** is enlarged to **500 Pages** with **70 Illustrations,** and is complete including the Death and Burial of Jesse. We also illustrate the killing, the house, Jesse James after death, his wife, his two children born in outlawry, the Fords who made the capture, etc., also a full-page engraving of Gov. Crittenden. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Outfit 25 cts. This is the only true history. Beware of smaller editions. One Elegant Illustrated Volume of 500 Pages. Secure only the **Best, Largest and Cheapest.**

CINCINNATI PUB. CO., No. 178 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS BONANZA

During the Summer, selling **Macqueen's Patent Bowers or Links,** for bowing shutters at an angle. Prevents children from falling out of the window, tramps from falling in, as it cannot be removed from the outside; keeps out the hot sun, allows circulation of cool air and light through the house. Handsome tassels on each **Bower,** worth alone the retail price. State if you have rings on shutters in your locality; if not, we furnish rings. Sample, postpaid, 10c. Also Catalogue of Hardware Specialties, &c., Counter Goods, Novelties, &c. Gen'l agents wanted. MACQUEEN M'F'G CO., 706 Market St., Phila, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES and ADVENTURES of the NOTED OUTLAWS,

Frank and Jesse James,

Containing the only complete and authentic account of these **Bold Highwaymen.** *The latest information about the* **Shooting of Jesse.** *The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written.* **Fully Illustrated. Send 50 cents for complete outfit,** and **write quick** for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. **Now is the time. DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

GOOD MEN WANTED everywhere willing to earn $5 to $10 per day, selling our new braided **Silver Mould White Wire Clothes Line,** warranted to last a life-time. Pleases at sight. **Sells readily at almost every house.** Agents continually reporting grand success. **Counties reserved.** Terms and Samples free. Address, **GIRARD WIRE MILLS,** Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our **NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE.** Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at **$1.50.** DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

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Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. **Sample outfit Free.** Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

New Goods never before introduced for **Agents** Terms that can't be beat. New 60-page Catalogue free. Nassau & Co., 111 Nassau St., New York.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

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100 Popular Songs for 20 cts. 100 Comic songs, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, 30 cts. 100 Old Favorite Songs, 30 cts. 100 Dance tunes, 30 cts. 100 Hymn Songs, 30 cts. 100 Sabbath-School Songs, 30 cts. Any 4 lots, $1. All the Songs have words and music, and are the most popular published. Order NOW. For 50 cts. will send Violin Instruction Book and 558 Pieces Violin Music. BIG BARGAINS in all kinds of instruments. Illus. 44 p. Catalogue Free. O. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

Series For 1882.

50 Elegant Imported designs, all Chromos, (5xx inch) in beautiful colors, Gold & Silver, German & French Florals, Scenery from the River Rhine, Arctic Scenes, Mosaic Series, Ocean Views, Bird Medleys, &c. Name in fancy script type, 10c. or **25** Extra Large size Embossed Chromos, name in any style, 10c. Ag'ts make 40 per cent. 14 packs of other $5 set. Our beautiful bound Book of 100 Styles, for 1882, 25c. Full particulars with every order. Blank Cards at wholesale. **CARD MILLS Northford Ct.**

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. **OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882.** 50 ALL Chromo Cards. Extra fine quality. Assorted designs of Rustic Floral, Sea View, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver Panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful [illegible] colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 90 costly Styles for 1882 25c. 40 per cent paid to Ag'ts, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Particulars with every order. **CAXTON PRINTING CO. Northford Conn.**

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED in 10 to 20 DAYS.

THOUSANDS of references from persons cured. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

READ THE FUTURE!

Hires' Improved Root Beer,

Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, effervescing and wholesome **Drink.** Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of 25cts. Address

CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING

A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 1321, Chicago, Ill.

70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, beautiful designs, names on 10c. **50** Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold, with name 10c, or **25** Extra large Chromos 10c. **Gordon Printing Co.** Northford Ct.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.

25 STEEL PLATE & PEARL CHROMO CARDS (half each) name on, 10c. 11 packs $1.00. $50 given to best Agent. Full particulars with first order. NATIONAL CARD WORKS, NEW Haven, Conn.

It Pays to sell our Rubber Printing stamps, samples free. J. M. Miller & Co., Cleveland, O.

40 Elegant Cards, all Chromo, Motto & Glass, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

50 Chromo Cards, no two alike, name on, 10c. Can't be beat. C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WE are now at the transition time of the year, when everyone is occupied with thoughts of what they are to wear in the spring; in every shop we are shown light materials, wreaths of flowers, straw hats and bonnets of the newest and most becoming shapes.

With April sunshine endless varieties of beautiful materials and styles appear; any remnant of winter clothing we long to cast aside, and the grave question of spring toilettes receives general attention.

What styles will be worn, what materials? There are new materials in such abundance, fresh, light, and delicate, as must win approval from those hardest to please. Embroidery is the order of the day, and we are supplied with lovely voiles and mousselines de laine embroidered with flowers more or less delicate.

The backgrounds are of various colors, the embroidery being sometimes of the same, but generally of a contrasting shade; plum-colored voile is embroidered frequently with blue flowers; navy blue and dark green with white or red, etc.

Beiges of various shades is much worn in white, in delicate grays, or in old gold, red, and blue; they make lovely dresses and are very inexpensive.

While we must not yet look for any great changes or novelties in modes, and although there may be nothing very important to chronicle, not a week passes that does not see some slight innovation, some trifling little alteration or novelty that helps us to foretell in which way fashion tends, what styles are likely to be discarded and what fabrics will probably continue in favor.

For instance, plushes having been in favor so long, will in all probability be superseded by broches, with figures of small flowers and bouquets, with the background in silk, or silk and wool, figured also in large designs a ramage, in the style of the Restoration, from which we have already borrowed the large bonnets, puffed sleeves, long gloves, and small pelerines, which characterised that epoch in fashions.

Sleeves with puffings and slashings are cautiously adopted; the slashings when well placed are pretty and effective, as on a dress of pink brocart with small puffings of silk gauze laminated with silver.

Sleeves flat above and below the elbow, but with a puffing at the elbow, find no favor with Parisian elegantes.

There is something particularly striking and beautiful in the new designs for silken and woolen fabrics that have been lately brought out; striking, indeed, some of them promise to be, but patterns of this kind are only accepted by those who court notoriety; the lady who prides herself on having the smallest share of good taste refuses to array herself in costumes enlivened with designs of plates and dishes, large ferns, crabs, lobsters and monstrosities of land and sea, and similar eccentricities.

Many of the new materials are in the old and safe patterns of stripes and chequers, but much thought is given to the production of pure tones in the colors, though grey and brown are prevailing shades in these, and also to the harmonious blending of the different hues.

The plain cloths, in quiet shades of grey and stone-color, especially show great purity and delicacy of coloring, even in the least expensive kinds; these are used in making paletots and pardessus for young ladies and children.

The chequered and striped cloths are employed for costumes, and in these there is far greater variety of color, though quiet tones prevail.

The fabrics that will be most in favor during the coming season are silk, thread, or cotton gauzes with Pompadour designs, black grenadines with velvet flowers, black guipures with large guipure designs; Scotch plaid woolen stuffs with small checks, striped moire antique, and satin with open-work stripes.

The tailor-made costumes are in the simple styles that suit so well with the woolen fabrics, such as serge and light cloth, of which they are made: one good model has three deep pleated flounces on the skirt, a folded scarf with short puffed drapery at the back, and corsage with points in front, and square basques at the back.

Another costume has a kilted skirt, a scarf drapery across the front with a rounded end at the back, and tailor-cut corsage, with added basques, ending in a pleating behind. Both are admirably made, and most serviceable for country and sea-side wear and for travelling.

There is no great novelty in the shapes of mantles—at any rate in the models that are ready so early in the season, but there is a new material which is likely to become a general favorite; this is broche sicilienne; we have already had broche satins and broche velvets, but the new broche sicilienne is quite distinct from these, and has a subdued richness which makes it admirably adapted for mantles and out-door vetements.

Lovely broche grenadines, with large velvet flowers, in many cases outlined or wrought with jet beads, beaded grenadines, beaded lace and net will also be used later on, not for the whole of the mantle, but for the portion covering the arms.

Flounces and pleatings of lace, jetted passementerie and pendant ornaments, and large and small bows of moire ribbon, still play the most conspicuous part in the ornamentation of mantles.

These are the general impressions derived from an inspection of the new mantles shown by our leading houses.

And now for particulars of a few of the prettiest models. A small visite of broche sicilienne is slightly gauged on the shoulders and short at the back, where it is finished off with a series of lace flounces sewn on net; the trimmings are jet and Spanish lace.

A charming little model for a young lady is of the same material, the short-draped back ending at the waist under a huge bow of moire ribbon.

The small visite shape is that most used, with the sleeve coming from the back; in few cases it is finished off with a little gauged cuff.

The jackets for young ladies are very pretty and becoming; there are tailor-made jackets in light black cloth and stockingette cloth, with pleats of moire let in at the back and waistcoat of the same, with revers, pockets and paroments, all to correspond; another model has pleats of broche in place of the moire, and the front is fastened with two close rows of small flat buttons.

A charming jacket is made in satin de Lyon and in broche; the fronts are rounded off from the waist and trimmed with several rows of Spanish lace, headed by jetted passementerie; the basques are open at the back, but this opening is masked by a large sash-bow of wide moire ribbon.

The woolen fabrics for the spring are charming chequered cashmeres of every variety, and the delicate "Fanchette," which is a lovely crimson woolen, chequered with gold silk in very small squares. A beautiful spring cashmere is that in crimson and black, another is that in brown and yellow; these make stylish costumes, and are very becoming, but the great triumph of the season will be enjoyed by the "voile Argentin," which has small colored flowers embroidered on delicate pale voile, the dress being made partly of this, partly of plain voile of the same shade, for the prevailing mode of a plain skirt and embroidered or figured habit-tunic, applies as much to woolen as to silken fabrics.

A lovely blue voile has the corresponding tunic material embroidered with large flowers in satin stitch in blue and white silks, and a delicate ecru voile is embroidered with flowers in shaded red, brown, blue, and green silk.

The dresses made of these voiles are of an elegant simplicity and grace which will be unsurpassed in the season, and all embroidered voiles are accompanied by the plain material to match.

A most useful dress; a cashmere of billard-green with two wide kilt-plaited flounces, a tunic irregularly draped and trimmed with moire of the same shade, moire bows fringed at the edge being fastened on one side; the bodice, which is cut high to the throat, has round the basque a kilt-plaiting of some 3in. deep which proves most becoming to the figure.

Among many pretty novelties there is a costume made with a kilt-plaited skirt of homespun, the close-fitting bodice and draped tunic of elastic cloth, bordered with rows of gold braid, and a scroll by way of heading; this also bordered the cuffs and straight turndown collar.

Fireside Chat.

BASKETS; THEIR USE AND DECORATION.

SURELY at no period of our national social history was there such a demand for baskets of all sizes, shapes, and styles, and could there ever have been such an immense variety of modes in which they may be trimmed and decorated?

The old-fashioned lattice-work waste-paper basket for instance, is now entirely a thing of the past, and will almost only be known to the future generations from pictures and descriptions.

The present fashion in waste-paper baskets is a closely woven, rather high, narrow basket.

This looks very pretty when lined with silk or merino of an artistic color, and the outside covered with rows of ball fringe to correspond.

Some of the same material may be used for the outside instead of fringe, cut into large vandykes, overcast at the edges, and with a *fleur-de-lys* or star, boldly embroidered in each point. One row of this embroidery should be fastened round the top of the basket, with the vandykes pointing downwards, and another row round the basket at the bottom with the points turning upwards.

A little ball or tassel fastened between each vandyke is a great improvement. This mode of ornamentation is also well adapted for use on all larger sorts of baskets, and linen baskets look particularly bright and smart when trimmed with vandykes of scarlet cloth worked with black or blue, embroidered with amber.

The smallest sizes of the waste-paper baskets mentioned above, are occasionally used as *cache* pots to stand a pot of flowers in.

These look best with the pattern of the wicker-work picked out with coarse worsted or very narrow ribbon twisted in and out. For standing about in a greenhouse or conservatory, these baskets look very pretty with moss intertwined among the lattice-work, or with sprays of ivy twisted round them.

There is now immense variety in the shapes and sizes of the two-handled baskets or useful for holding small parcels when shopping, a cap, etc., and they may be decorated in many ways. They are, of course, much improved by a lining, and the outside must be ornamented to correspond. Ruchings of the same material as the lining have a very good effect, but the prettiest are those with flowers and leaves worked with large loose stitches of wool on the sides. Sometimes the flowers are made of cloth, and then have a raised appearance, which is a great improvement.

Of course, roses or dahlias are the easiest flowers to make in this manner, by cutting a number of circles of cloth about the size of a farthing. Make a little plait in each of these circles, as in making the loop of a bow and sew them round and round a circle of stiff net as a foundation, taking care to have the small circles as close as possible, and overlapping one another. Make a tuft of yellow wool tied and cut for the centre of the flower to form a sort of resemblance to stamens.

Cherries made of wool still maintain their popularity as ornaments to the sides of these baskets, and the flowers that a short time ago were made of wool and wire and embedded in green wool moss for the borders of mats, are now used for the same purpose.

Many straw hats and bonnets make really elegant baskets when fitted with handles, trimmed, and lined. For lining work-baskets there is nothing prettier than quilted satin, and it is now the fashion to have this scented, sachet powder being dusted into the wadding in the process of quilting. The large wicker-work baskets with trays, and standing on legs like the tea-tables, are very popular just now trimmed with ball fringe, and handsomely lined as work-baskets for use in the boudoir or drawing-room; but the most elegant of all are those lined with quilted satin, and finished off round the trays and elsewhere with real guipure d'art or macrame. For really hard-working baskets suggestive of piles of stockings to be darned, and linen to be mended, none are more suitable than those rather coarse round ones, which one sees hanging from every itinerant gipsy's cart, with a wicker-work lid to correspond.

Common though they look, they form by no means an unsightly object on a dining or breakfast room table when lined with scarlet turkey twill, pink glazed cambric, or cretonne, and finished at the edges with finely quilled ruchings of the same material. Twist colored ribbon round the handles, finishing them off with a smart-looking bow of the same hue.

Some fine wicker-work baskets look very effective trimmed with cretonne applique. The flowers or birds are cut out of the cretonne, button-holed at the edges, and the outlines and veins of the leaves, etc., followed with large, rather loose stitches of silk of the appropriate color. These, tacked to the basket in bold groups, are very pretty and novel.

Carriage baskets, or wall baskets are in shape well adapted for this style of ornament.

In some of the London shops at the present time are selling jars of Capo gooseberry jam in very peculiar foreign-looking baskets, the exact size and shape of a jam pot. These little baskets, either plain as they are sold, or decorated, may be used in a household for various purposes.

They may serve as covers for pots of jam, or to hold a small flower-pot, or may have a tumbler placed inside them to contain cut flowers, a little fancy-work, or a ball of string. They mostly have covers, and are made of rather an open lattice-work so that the end of the ball of string may be passed through a hole in the top.

If intended for work, they should be lined with colored satin and finished off with ribbon to match. They also look very pretty when they are stained dark brown or gilded with Bessemer's gold paint.

Strawberry baskets covered and lined to serve as work-baskets, have been so often described in this and other papers that we will not do more than allude to them here. A newer use for them is to cover them inside and out (using a little wadding if considered necessary), and to fasten a round pin-cushion in the centre, so as to leave a space of two or three inches all round it to contain reels of cotton, hair-pins, and other accessories of a work or toilet-table; or the outside rim of the basket may be stuffed for a pin-cushion, and a round space left in the centre to hold a little glass of flowers.

Correspondence.

MAGGIE, (White Bluff, Ark.)—The paper is not now published.

J. F., (Murdoch, N. C.)—We think the paper discontinued publication about that time, so that it is very unlikely we could get the whole of the story.

M. G., (Michigan.)—The story is hardly good enough. Try again, however, and you may do better. You should remember there is no excellence without much toil.

COUNTRY, (Tioga, Pa.)—The "firedamp" of the miners is light carburretted hydrogen gas, which is highly inflammable. "Chokedamp" is carbonic acid gas, or, as it is now called, carbon dioxide.

MISS M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The word friar is from the French *frere*, a brother; the word monk from the Greek, meaning single or solitary; priest, also from the Greek, means an elder. The word nun is Saxon.

DORINE C., (Sullivan, Pa.)—In the language of flowers, the wild rose signifies "pleasure and pain;" the full white rose, "silence;" pansy, "you occupy my thoughts;" moss-rosebud, "confession of love;" pink geranium, "I prefer you."

J. D., (De Kalb, Ill.)—If the election laws of your State as regards the main principles of voting are the same as in Pennsylvania, and we suppose they are, B has a perfect right to challenge A. We have seen the same thing done in this city under the same circumstances, and B's challenge was respected.

SUBSCRIBER, (Sonoma, Cal.)—Do not despair; if you have no lover at eighteen, you may have two or three before another year passes. Perhaps you have kept yourself too secluded, or live in a neighborhood in which lovers are scarce, but we say again, do not despair; few young ladies pass twenty without having found one.

ENIGMA, (Lincoln, Me.)—Enigmas which appear from time to time in the papers, are solved by putting down as many figures as there are letters in the puzzle. Then use your wit to discover one of the words described, and put the letters down under the figures indicated; as you work you will get clues which will lead to the final discovery.

S. M. S., (Courtland, Miss.)—This correspondent desires that some of our readers tell him where he may find the well-known poem often called "A Skeleton," but properly entitled "Lines on a Skull." It begins:

> Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull!
> Once of ethereal spirits full, etc.

LOLLIE, (Monroe, Mich.)—Eider down is the down from the eider duck. The best is that which is obtained from the nests of the birds. Hunting them is no joke, as they inhabit the frozen regions of the North, and are most plentiful in Iceland, Lapland, Spitzbergen, and Greenland. Each bird yields on an average half a pound of down.

GRIMPER, (Harper, Kans.)—Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and pluck up heart of grace to dismiss your mind for awhile. They will not grow any less or any lighter by continually brooding over them. Compare your own case with, say, that of many at the present moment, and it will appear as nothing. It is always an error to let the imagination run away with the judgment.

P. Z. S., (Ashe, N. C.)—All new spirits, especially whisky, contain more or less "fusel or fousel oil," which is highly injurious, and consists almost entirely of Amylic alcohol. Its presence may readily be detected by rubbing a few drops on the hand. The vinous alcohol and water evaporate first, leaving the "fused oil" behind; which can be recognized by its characteristic odor.

ROM. RYE, (Cleveland, O.)—If you love your husband better than other living soul, why give him the smallest opportunity to exercise his jealous imagination? People of a jealous imagination can no more help their peculiar organization than a naturally irascible man can help putting himself in a passion or a melancholy man looking at the worst side of everything. It must be easy enough for you to act so that not the smallest shred of suspicion can attach to you. Whenever a gentleman calls always let a third party be present, if only your five-year-old son.

Z., (Quitman, Ga.)—Many of the more common segars are now made by machinery. The tobacco is put into moulds and pressed instead of being rolled as by the hand system. 2. The water in artesian wells is forced up by itself according to the law that liquids naturally seek their own level. The original source of supply for the well is above the level where it discharges its stream. Until a vein of this character is found, the workers must continue boring. The mode is exactly the same as in the regular plan of a water-works, assuming the spring to be the basin, and the tubes of the well the house-pipes.

ETTIE, (Halifax, Va.)—In the dance of life it is as well that people should choose their own partners. You have selected yours, and he seems to be, from your description, in every way worthy of your choice, suitable in age, in station, a kind-hearted man, and, what is more, very fond of you, as you are of him. Under these circumstances, what advice can you require? Act as your own heart prompts you, faithfully and fearlessly, and all will go well. It speaks very highly of your affectionate nature that you brook so much; many would have left the house long ago. But you will never regret your forbearance. It should be a lesson to your sister, who would be the last to stand such tyranny herself.

CAPILLA, (Hampshire, Mass.)—The cause of gray hair is the destruction of the top of the papillæ, or life and color-giving bulbs at the root of the hair. Not only age, but nervous debility or exhaustion arising from overwork or dissipation will cause the color of the hair to cease, and there are many instances on record of the hair being turned suddenly white by a great shock to the nervous system, among the best known being that of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. It has also been stated that hair will sometimes resume its original color again, as in the famous case of Nazarella. Nazarella, a man 105 years old, was, in 1774, at Vienna, presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth; also, Sir John Sinclair, a Scotchman, dying at 110, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. "Variegated hair," which is alternately banded black and white, is noted among the bizarre curiosities of nature, and green and blue hair have been described by some authorities; but these colors owe their production to the influence of surroundings in which their subjects live, the green hair belonging to those who work in copper mines, and blue to those whose occupation is cobalt mining. Workers in indigo also have blue hair.